

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE  
AND  
*Musical Repository.*

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MAY, 1802.

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HOPE.

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“The Creator,” says the author of the *Henriade*, “has placed among us two friendly beings; constant and amiable inhabitants of the earth; our supporters in peril,—our treasures in indigence;—Hope and Sleep,—the foes of care.”

Religion makes hope a virtue,—paganism has made it a divinity. The poets represent it as the sister of Sleep, which suspends our sorrows; and of Death, that ends them.

Pindar calls Hope the “nurse of Old Age.” It sustains us in every period of life; it blooms in every season, like the myrtle that preserves its verdure through the year.

It has been observed, that a sentiment is more or less permanent in proportion to its violence: nothing is more fleeting than surprise, anger, fright. Nature, desirous that

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Give me the lip's mute eloquence,  
With more than tongue could ever tell!

Too coy to breathe the gentlest vows;  
Too warm to let her wishes die:  
Though modest, yet what love allows  
She gives; the look—perhaps the sigh.

But ye I spurn, of stoic breed,  
Who, nought admiring but yourselves,  
For self or ever joy or bleed,  
Ye heartless, and ye tasteless elves.

The beaming soul ye never know,  
The raptur'd tear ye never feel;  
Your's is the blank and sullen woe;  
Your eyes are dim, your hearts are steel.

But come, thou sympathising Pow'r—  
Dear Sensibility, descend!  
And oh! with youth's delicious hour  
Thy magic and thy sweetness blend.

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### TO ELIZA.

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**T**RUST not, fair Maid, the self-admiring beau,  
Compos'd of noise, of nonsense, and of show;  
Avoid the rake, nor vainly think, to you,  
Who laughs at constancy will e'er be true:  
A fool, tho' rich, receive not to your arms;  
He views, insensible, your heav'nly charms.  
But, should some gen'rous, kind, deserving youth,  
Blest with good sense, good-nature, virtue, truth,  
Fir'd with your charms, prefer his am'rous plea,  
Accept his love—he knows not to betray;  
But, conscious of your worth, the gift will prize,  
And ever view you with a lover's eyes.

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hope should be extinguished only with life, has made it a milder sentiment. Most of the passions are like the burning rays of the meridian sun. The illusions of Hope are the beams of the moon shining mildly in the night.

Hope makes upon the soul the same impression that green colour, which is its symbol, produces on the sight. But what gives a peculiar charm to Hope, is, the tender melancholy that always accompanies it; the comparison between the present and the future; the privation of a good, and the perspective of its enjoyment, produce a mixture of sadness and joy that takes entire possession of the soul, and fills it with a delicious sensation.

How often, in the times of revolution and civil discord, have victims been given up to the sword by the very persons on whom they had heaped favours?—When so many unfortunate beings have been betrayed by their friends, and abandoned by their relatives, what an affecting spectacle to behold Hope still stretching out the hand!—Hope alone remained at the post of Friendship: at its voice the doors of eternal bliss flew open, and the scaffold became the ladder to Heaven!

But if Hope has sometimes consoled the unhappy, it often becomes, by mistaking its object, a source of care and sorrow. Nothing is so nearly connected with despair as foolish expectations.—Hope does not always take reason for its guide: it follows more willingly the imagination; experience is only acquired by a knowledge of the past, and Hope knows only the future.—Thus our hopes are often no more than the dreams of the night; and we resemble the glassman in the story, who overset his fortune with a kick of his foot, and awoke from his reverie to disappointment.





## THE CASTLE DE WARRENNE

*(Concluded from Page 224.)*

"AH! my mother," cried he, in sorrowful accents, "what do I hear! Your goodness does but serve to render me doubly wretched!—I cannot love Olivia."

"Raymond! said Lady Barome, with an angry glance, 'do I find you inconstant!—Can you dishonestly fly from your former professions?—Go!—go!—you are no longer my son!'"

"Yet, hear me, Madam! cried he, with increasing distraction—"do not too hastily condemn your suffering son;—hear but my vindication, and I trust you will not find me altogether so culpable as your nice sense of rectitude leads you so prematurely to suspect. Olivia was the first female with whom it was my fate to associate. Young, sanguine, and susceptible, I could not behold her extreme beauty unmoved; and her tender attentions to me led me to mistake gratitude for love. The indelicate rudeness of her sister, Victoria, disgusted me; and I acknowledged, incautiously, that I preferred Olivia."

"My unsettled fortunes at that time prevented my making her any honourable proposals, and others I did not presume to insult her with. The anger and resentment of her father and her ungentle sister, happily, occasioned me to quit their house so precipitately, as to preclude the possibility of my making her acquainted with the sentiments which I imagined she had inspired."

In the discharge of my duty I soon lost every idea of Olivia, and had ceased to delude my fancy with romantic expectations, when the scene took place in the field noticed by Lady Matilda. Shall I own to you, my dear mother, that the impropriety of her conduct in assuming that disguise, so repugnant to the becoming modesty of her sex, first opened my eyes; and if she inspired any sentiment, it was that of disgust, softened by compassion for the errors of her head; and I quitted her with a remonstrance which I have since thought too pointed and severe. In propor-

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L 1

*Raymond*

tion as her affection increased, mine decreased ; and when I first beheld the attractive Constantia, my heart instantly decided in her favour."

Cease, Raymond," cried Lady Barome, in a voice at once expressive of grief and indignation, " nor add cruelty to ingratitude! Are, then, all sparks of humanity extinguished in your bosom? I acknowledge full well the beauty and merits of Constantia; and, had not you been bound by duty otherwise, I would with pride have forwarded your choice. But, oh! my son, reflect—that, for you, Olivia braved the horrors of a dangerous campaign—abjured her home—the privileges of her sex!—and for this, too-fickle youth, you despise her!—And yet, my Raymond," added she, in a softer voice, " to speak impartially, I must applaud your nice feelings, and confess that they exalt you in my opinion. When a woman steps beyond the prescribed bounds of delicacy to which her sex are limited, she deservedly incurs the contempt of mankind, nor can excess of love plead a fair excuse: yet, do not think that I would in aught prove an advocate for those men, who make nice principles an excuse for their own constitutional infidelity, and inhumanly raise hopes solely to exult over the credulity of their victim!—Such a wretch I hope will never be found in my Raymond.—Sincerely do I pity your case. All that I can say, is, that as you are in honour and gratitude bound to Olivia, I would have you, on pain of my displeasure, seriously endeavour to renew your affection for her:—Think, Raymond, she would have died for you!—Remember,—I do not command—I only entreat—you to give up all thoughts of Constantia (to whom I can never encourage you to pay your addresses), and transfer all your love to the unhappy Olivia."

Penetrated by the most poignant grief, Raymond retired from the presence of his mother. His own heart dictated to him the justness of her remonstrances, and, though painful to himself, he nevertheless resolved to act agreeably to her wishes: he therefore shunned the presence of Constantia with sedulous care; whilst she, knowing all the transactions, endured equal pain with himself. Sincerely attached to Olivia, she would have esteemed it the greatest act of criminality to receive the vows of a man to whom she knew her to be so strongly inclined; knowing, from the

feelings of her own breast, how strongly rooted such affections are: she therefore, on her part, conducted herself with the greatest reserve to the distressed Raymond, who attributed her coldness towards him to dislike. Their mutual deception continued for some time: notwithstanding their attachment, in spite of their endeavours to restrain it, daily increased; accompanied also by an increase of uneasiness.

De Lacy experienced the greatest happiness in the felicitous contemplation of his family; Matilda carefully concealing from him, as much as possible, every thing that might tend to make him uneasy: nor was Raymond regarded by him with indifference; the virtues of that youth were enumerated by Matilda, and the friendship he felt for the father was extended with the warmest cordiality to the son. Neither was he without his secret wishes to effect a marriage between him and Constantia, though pity for Olivia withheld him from expressing such sentiments.

Determined at once to learn the decision of his fate, Raymond exerted his utmost resolution, and made formal proposals to Olivia, who hesitated not to accept them, deferring only her positive consent till the arrival of Lord Russel with her father's answer. Raymond, who had formed great expectations of her rejecting him returned more than ever prejudiced against her, and his heart reproached her with narrowness and self-gratification.

"Surely, thought he, "this selfish girl, had she a spark of generosity, would have refused a hand which she must have seen to be reluctantly tendered."

In spite of his efforts to appear contented, he gave himself up to melancholy; frequent sighs burst from his agonized bosom; he lost his appetite, and the bloom of health gradually disappeared. Lady Barome, who saw the painful conflict which he endured, with sorrow hastened their return to their own chateau, thinking that absence from Constantia would lead him to banish her image from his memory. He took a kind and respectful leave of his bride-elect, and, slightly saluting Constantia, hastened into the carriage which waited to convey him with his parents from the hospitable Castle.

This departure cast a heavy gloom over all its inhabitants. De Lacy and Matilda saw the sufferings of their child with heart-felt commiseration; and Olivia had never

appeared in a less amiable light than she now did, whilst apparently enjoying her own prospects of happiness, which she could not but know must be founded upon the misery of her friend and benefactress. Her presence threw a restraint upon them all, and almost made them encourage pleasure at the thought of her departure.

A short time produced the looked-for event: Lord Russel arrived, with a tender letter from her father, in which he lamented his own inhumanity, that had drawn her into dangers he must ever deplore; and informed her, that the generous bearer had, through his interest with their young Sovereign, caused a restitution to be made to him of all his attainted lands; that he was reinstated in all his splendid possessions; and, also, that he had been fully convinced of the unworthiness of Victoria, who was since married against his approbation; and of his injustice to Olivia, whom he waited impatiently to behold and bless; and that her brother was returned, and longed to embrace her.

Lord Russel was thanked with the warmest marks of gratitude by Olivia for his kind interference, who declined receiving any praise; declaring, that he had not been altogether so disinterested as she might imagine. He then, in the most passionate and delicate manner, professed the strongest affection for her, and made her an offer of his heart and fortune.

Olivia was much embarrassed: she tremblingly informed him, that he must ever be entitled to her friendship; but the present situation of affairs rendered it impossible to give him any farther encouragement; politely she declined his offers; and concluded with assuring him, how much she was impressed with a sense of his goodness.

Chagrined, and unhappy, Russel was about to withdraw; when, after a considerable pause, Olivia called him back.

——“Stay, my Lord——I have too much reliance upon your honour to believe that my late candid avowal will lessen me in your esteem. It is still in your power to do me a piece of service, and I doubt not of your readiness to oblige me. My father's residence is not much out of the way——if you will be the bearer of another petition to him, I shall be thankful to you for it.”



Pre-sentiment told him, that it was to prefer the suit of a favoured rival : he, however, suppressed his mortification, and assured her of his readiness to do whatever she desired.

Constantia, too, guessed the purport of the intended commission——Nature could not endure the conflict, and she fell senseless on the floor. Olivia started from her seat, and, grasping the cold hand of her friend, cried——

“ Oh ! Heaven ! what has my rashness done ! ”

“ Cruel girl ! ” exclaimed Matilda, raising her child in her arms,——“ Could you not for a short time restrain your insidious triumph !——You have intentionally destroyed my Constantia ! ”

“ Oh ! do not reproach me ! ” cried Olivia. “ Indeed, dear Madam, I meant not to distress her. ”

“ Olivia, ” said De Lacy, with a serious aspect, “ I believe you do not design it ; but, be more prudent——be cautious how you act, and have some consideration for our poor, ill-fated child ! ”

Tears streamed down the cheeks of Olivia.

——“ Heaven is my witness, ” she replied, “ that I would die to preserve the life of my friend ! ”

Matilda, no longer able to bear the scene, quitted the room with Constantia, when De Lacy resumed——

“ How can you say so !——You know that the letter with which you designed to trouble Lord Russel was concerning your intended nuptials. ”

It was, indeed ! ” replied Olivia, with a deep sigh——while, as if in contradiction, a faint smile stole across her features.

Russel rose in agitation, and quitted the room.

“ ——Unhappy, ill-fated nuptials ! ” exclaimed De Lacy.

He was proceeding to utter some bitter invective, when, catching his hand with an air of desperation, she cried——

Oh !——do not drive me mad with your bitter wishes——Believe me, I am not so happy as you think. Could you but surmise the cause of my acting thus, you would

not so opprobriously condemn me. I have now advanced too far to recede, were other circumstances to admit of it—Unhappily they do not—Time alone can soften the rigour of our fate: till when you must submit to abide in ignorance of the mystery which involves my conduct."

Saying this, she quitted the room with an air of insulted dignity which astonished De Lacy, who sought his Lady, and imparted to her the conversation he had just then had with Olivia.

"Poor girl!" said Matilda, pathetically—"she may not, perhaps, be so culpable as we suppose; and she may, as she protests, be swayed by motives of which we are ignorant. She must, I know, be unhappy, let her pursue what course she will."

Russel had, meanwhile, impatiently waited an opportunity of speaking to Olivia; he therefore stopped her as she ascended the stairs, and said, with all the impetuosity of a mortified lover—

"Was it for this, Olivia, that you entreated my aid, to humble my aspiring hopes by this total defeat! But, trust me, Madam," said he, more haughtily, "I shall no longer meanly cringe for that favour which is so lightly bestowed, where neither feeling nor justice can render it excusable; nor shall you triumph in my crest-fallen appearance.—This night I quit the Castle, never to return."

"My Lord," said Olivia, laying her hand upon his arm with earnestness, "hear what I have to say: judge me not rashly, I conjure you, I never wished or attempted to deceive you with fallacious hopes. The unfortunate state of my heart is but too well known to all here. My warmest esteem and sincerest friendship shall ever be yours—more, at present, I cannot bestow. Yet, if you have still any regard for me, fulfil the promise you made me this morning. You know not how much depends upon it:—nay, further, I entreat you to return yourself with the answer—it is essentially requisite, for the happiness of my friends, and particularly that of Raymond."

Her voice failed as she pronounced his name.

"Very well, Madam," replied Russel, almost choking with anger—"I understand you perfectly—if

your father should refuse his consent to confirm your choice, you may, in commiseration for my sufferings, confer that hand upon Russel!—But—no, Madam!—upon such terms, even that despised outcast would not accept it!”

“Nor ever shall!” replied Olivia, her eyes sparkling with resentment. “Lord Russel, you may, perhaps, repent this. Notwithstanding, I shall to-morrow claim your promise. You are then at liberty—Adieu—You cannot now retract.”

She then sprung from him towards her own apartment, and, entering the door, left him to descend the stairs with the contending passions of grief, love, and revenge.

During the absence of Lord Russel, who failed not to fulfil her request, Olivia seemed thoughtful and uneasy; but the presence of Constantia had always the power to dispel her melancholy, and she behaved to her with more tenderness than ever. She had received several letters from Raymond, written in a style of Platonic affection. She always gave them to Matilda, to read; and, when they were returned to her, sighed deeply, placed them in her pocket-book, and surveyed Constantia, if present, with scrutinizing attention.

The return of Lord Russel decided, at once, their hopes and fears. He delivered the Baron's letter to Olivia with a trembling hand and looks of hauteur, which ill agreed.—She received it with no less agitation, and eagerly broke the seal. As she read, her lips quivered; her cheeks assumed a pallid hue; and she could scarcely support herself from falling. Russel held his arm round her with tender concern; when, clasping her hands together, tears came to her relief, and she exclaimed—

“All is well!”

Constantia felt very faint, and instantly, attended by Russel, quitted the room. Olivia, turning to Matilda, said—

“I entreat you, my dear benefactress, be not distressed—My father has, I own, complied with my request:—The sooner, therefore, we conclude this disagreeable and distressing affair, the better for all parties. Oblige me, therefore, by acquainting Raymond with the event. Pro-

priety will, of course, induce him to hasten hither. I would wish the intermediate time to pass as privately as possible, if you will dispense with my meeting at the accustomed times with your family. You will also oblige me much, by detaining Lord Russel, to whom I have something of importance to communicate in a day or two."

She then held her handkerchief to her face, and, pressing the hand of Matilda in silence, withdrew.

Constantia re-entered, and, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, wept on her bosom.

"Suppress your sorrows, my dear child," said Matilda, with forced composure: "bear your disappointment with patience. It is my pleasure that you be present at the marriage ceremony; therefore exert yourself. Consider how much you, by this appearance of grief, distress the already afflicted Raymond! Exert yourself, therefore, my dear girl, and conquer this unhappy weakness."

"I will, my best of mothers," said Constantia—"I will conquer this stubborn heart; and you shall see me all your fondest wishes can desire."

The entrance of Lord Russel now put an end to the conversation, when he promised obedience to Olivia's desire.—The conversation then became general, though not lively; and they separated at an early hour.

The following morning the expected party arrived at the Castle. Sir William and his Lady entered, followed by Raymond. All eyes were instantly struck with his altered person, which was now worn by internal anxiety to a mere object. He flew to the arms of Matilda, called her his mother, and could no longer restrain his sobs, which burst forth on her maternal bosom. He embraced Russel, but turned from Constantia with a look which declared how incapable he was of supporting the interview. He then, in an almost inarticulate voice, enquired for Olivia, and a servant was accordingly sent to desire her presence. She entered with a stately but composed air. At the first glimpse of Raymond's emaciated figure she started; but, recovering herself, paid her respects to them in an easy, careless manner; and, taking a letter from her pocket, blushed deeply.



—“This letter,” said she, turning to Raymond, who fixed his eyes on the ground, “so nearly concerns us, that I thought it proper we should all be present at the reading of it. To you, Lord Russel, I assign the task: once more oblige me, by perusing it. You, I believe, are the most indifferent of the party.”

She held it out to him—he took it from her, surprize and disdain painted in his eyes.

—“Olivia!—what mean you? Do you design to turn me into ridicule?”

She smiled.

—“Well, well, my Lord—I perceive you are incorrigible. However, I can punish you—Since you will not read it, I must.”

Then turning to the party, who stood astonished at her trifling, she continued—

“In this letter my father gives his consent to my marrying—provided he chuses to accept me—Lord Russel.”

Every one uttered an exclamation of surprise; and Lord Russel, catching the letter which fell from her hands, kissed it with transport: and, perceiving the trick she had played him, prostrated himself at her feet with the most rapturous acknowledgments.

—“Stay, stay, my Lord,” said she, raising him—“I have yet much to say—restrain these transports, and attend.” Then, turning to Constantia, she resumed—“You well know, my dear friend, that I was always acquainted with the most secret sentiments of your soul—Could you, then, suppose me, for an instant, capable of doing you a premeditated injury?—or, could you think I would meanly accept the hand of a man, whose heart was, I know, devoted to you—and was to me but the offering of compassion?—Ah! no!—you yet knew not Olivia—For my friend, I would resign much—and for the happiness of those I love, I would relinquish my own. I, however, determined to punish you for your suspicions, by concealing from you, for some time, my real intentions; knowing that the pleasure of a general understanding would fully compensate for the misery of past suspense. I now entreat pardon for the pain I have caused to you all.”

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M M

*Genaro Olivia*

Then taking the willing hands of Raymond and Constantia, she joined them. Tears of rapture started from her eyes. *Noble Olivia how I admire you*

"Now, my dear friends," said she, "may you be as happy as you deserve."

"Generous friend!" cried Constantia, embracing her—"this is too much!—You sacrifice your own happiness for mine!"

"Hush!" cried Olivia, putting her hand on her mouth—"you pay me a very ill compliment, by supposing I am not happy in witnessing your felicity." Then, addressing Russel, she resumed—"Now, my Lord, a few words with you. I have of late received convincing proofs of your worth, and regard for me, though unmerited: if, therefore, after what you have witnessed, as well as heard me declare, you are willing to accept my hand, it is your's. And I think," added she, smiling, "that, in a little time, respect and esteem will ensure you a reclaimed heart, not altogether unworthy your acceptance."

"Fully sensible of the value of the gift, I receive it with joy," cried the astonished and delighted Russel. "This last proof of your worth endears you more than ever to that heart, of which you have long been the dearest object; and I shall restore you to your fond father, as a daughter worthy of his tenderest love; and shall receive you from his hands as the dearest gift he could bestow."

De Lacy and Matilda were not less delighted than Sir William and Lady Barome: by turns they embraced the noble-minded Olivia, and bestowed the most lavish encomiums on her conduct; fervently praying that she might be as happy with Russel as she had rendered her friend.—Olivia, proud of their approbation, seemed wholly to have overcome her former prepossession, and behaved to Raymond as to an esteemed brother; and hinted a wish that their marriages might take place together. This was accordingly agreed upon, and preparations were made for their celebration, which was to take place after she had had an interview with the Baron, whose presence was requested at the Castle, to witness the happy nuptials of Raymond and Constantia.

All being finally adjusted, Olivia took leave of her friends, assuring them of a speedy return; and, attended by her de-

voted Russel, returned to the Baron St. Welham. Her reception was such as her most sanguine wishes could expect. All past offences were buried in oblivion, and nothing thought of but happiness. Agreeably to the proposed plan, they all returned to Warrenne Castle, and the marriage ceremony was conducted with the utmost magnificence. After a fortnight spent in rejoicing, Lord and Lady Russel took a tender leave of their friends, and returned with the Baron to St. Welham Abbey.

De Lacy and Matilda, happy in each other, and in the fair prospects of their children, repaired to their estate in Cornwall; a spot ever dear to her, from the circumstance of her first interview with Valtimond.

Sir William and Lady Barome retired to their own chateau, leaving the Castle De Warrenne to their son and newly-made daughter, who, conscious of the virtues of their respective parents, looked up to them for the regulation of all their actions. The friends, though thus perversely divided, kept up a constant intercourse by letter.

De Lacy, with some exertions, obtained the reversion of the title of Earl of Surry for Raymond, with the addition of its considerable revenues; in whom the augmentation of wealth and the title could work no essential change: he was already possessed of merit of the most exalted nature; filial piety and conjugal affection no less distinguishing his mind, than Nature had endowed his person with attraction: and the reward he obtained he gained by Virtue.

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## A JOURNEY TO THE MOON.

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IT was midnight, and nature was sunk in profound repose; the murmur of the water slowly receding from the shore, and the breeze by fits rustling through the grove, were the only sounds which intruded upon my ear; the firmament presented to the view a cloudless expanse of deep but beautiful azure; a few stars were visible, for they were dimmed by the superior lustre of the moon, full orbed and in the zenith; her mild radiance, while it illumined

gave a softness and interest to the surrounding landscape, far more attractive than the dazzling, the obtrusive brilliance bestowed by the sun's meridian splendor. Lost in admiration, I gazed upon the orb of night, and almost involuntarily exclaimed, "O that a mortal might be permitted to quit awhile this lower sphere, and explore the distant unknown lunar regions: what supreme felicity would it be to converse with a race of beings, perhaps more wise and more innocent than the frail inhabitants of this earth: what immortal honour would he acquire who could unfold to a wondering world their amusements, their manners, their learning, and their virtues; would to heaven that that happiness might be mine,"—"And BE IT THINE,"—said a voice of heavenly sweetness. I turned astonished, and beheld a more than mortal form, robed in purest white; a lucid emanation encircled his frame; his light hair breathing odour, flowed in ringlets over his shoulders; the bloom on his cheeks mocked the fading tints of the rose, and his bright eyes beamed intelligence and love. "Fear not," he exclaimed, "I am thy guardian genius; from the hour of thy birth have I unceasingly watched over thee; unheard and unseen have I averted the dangers which threatened thee; often, when thou wast sinking in anguish, have I inspired thee with fortitude; and often, with still small voice, have I recalled thy erring feet to the paths of happiness and virtue. I have heard thy wish, it is granted! thou shalt visit those regions thou hast so earnestly, so ardently longed to explore; it is permitted me to conduct thee; confide in my protection, and prepare for thy flight."

The genius now stretched forth his hand, and clasping mine, we instantly began to raise with an amazing degree of velocity, absorbed in mingled awe and admiration. I had not the power of speech, but looked down upon the receding world in solemn silence; it appeared like an immense circular map, unfolded to the view, in which every state, and indeed every city within the sphere of sight, might be readily distinguished: But this delightful prospect was not of long continuance; the flight of my conductor was so incalculably rapid, and the light of the sun (which now first appeared) was so powerful, that it soon became impossible to discriminate the different parts of the earth with any degree of accuracy; the whole was blended, by distance, into one mass, and the moon, to which we were fast ap-



proaching, was now the principal object of my attention; its appearance bore a most striking resemblance to the world we had lately quitted: in one place, blazed an Etna, in another a chain of Alps ascended to the clouds, and from every part of its continents, numerous and beautiful rivers, after fertilizing the countries through which they flowed, poured their tribute into the lunar ocean, whose waves, while they separated, gave the ready means of communication, between the shores laved by them.

We had hitherto proceeded in silence, but the genius lessening his velocity, now turned to me with a smile of ineffable benignity, and said, "Thus far have we urged our flight, and in a few minutes it will be completed; your wish will be gratified: but to visit the numerous empires of the lunar world, would require a far longer period than is allowed us; it would, indeed, be a task never yet performed by a lunarian; a cursory sight of a small part only must satisfy thee. Seest thou that island, whose white cliffs seem to mock the baffled waves that beat against their base; innumerable cities, towns, and villages, are scattered over its extent; a thousand vessels are now conveying to its ports all the luxuries of the surrounding nations? It is the island of Ibolan, famed for genius and valour; its natives are in a manner the arbiters of the world: we are now approaching its magnificent metropolis, to which I mean to convey thee; but to evade the curiosity of the inhabitants, it will be necessary to assume their dress, their language, and their manners; these properties I now confer upon thee: without them it would be impossible to walk along the streets, for the curiosity of the Ibolans is so strong, that any person, or thing, in the smallest degree deviating from the common standard, is followed by them with the utmost avidity."—"This must surely proceed from extreme ignorance," replied I—"By no means," answered the genius; "the Ibolans pique themselves on being the most enlightened nation in the globe; it would be less dangerous to pull an hungry lion by the beard than to tell an Ibolan that he was ignorant; nor are their claim to pre-eminence by any means ill founded; they have carried every branch of the arts and sciences to the summit of perfection; they have made discoveries seemingly beyond the abilities of mortals, and which other nations have for ages in vain attempted. But we are now near the centre of the capital, and will descend; forget

thy diffidence, and for the future treat me as your equal and friend. I will explain to you every circumstance in the conduct of the Ibolans, which, to your imperfect comprehension, may appear involved in inexplicable mystery."

The genius here ceased, and shrouded from sight by the mists of the evening, we descended on the margin of a river, and I now, with some degree of surprise, beheld the altered appearance of myself and my conductor. The hair which flowed in ringlets from his head when he first appeared, was now shortened, and the spotless robe which then invested him, was now transformed into a dress cut in the most approved Ibolan taste; my garb also had undergone the same metamorphosis. The genius perceived my wonder and continued:—"You are surprised at the change which has taken place in our appearance, but, believe me it is a very necessary one, as without it we should have such a myriad of followers as would render it impossible for us to make the slightest observation upon the surrounding objects."—My conductor now took my arm, and we passed along several streets thronged with people, and light as day, from the collected blaze of a thousand lamps which displayed to the view a profusion of splendor and rarity. We stopped at length at a door, round which were many people collected. "This," said the genius, "is one of the theatres of this metropolis, to which, every night, the Ibolans repair with the greatest eagerness. This evening a very favourite comedy is to be performed, and,"—here he was interrupted by the doors opening; we entered along with the multitude, and soon found ourselves within a spacious and highly-ornamented fabric, which was in a very short time crowded with beauty and splendor; after a long pause the curtain drew up, and the comedy began. I had expected to be delighted with nice discrimination of character, with faithful representation of nature, and with sentiments, which, while they gave pleasure, would prove favourable to the interests of morality and virtue; but how was I disappointed! pert flippant dialogue, unmeaning puns upon a name, blunders which never could have been made, and characters that never could have existed, supplied, or rather usurped, the place of those which I had fondly, but vainly, expected to find. I was puzzled to account for the unbounded approbation which it received, and could only resolve the difficulty by supposing that the audience were

laughing at the author, who had collected into one piece such a mass of absurdity : it at last concluded, and was followed by an entertainment, if possible, still more absurd. It seemed a strong caricature of the distorted comedy we had just seen, with only one difference, that in this the *figures* made themselves ridiculous only by their motions and grimaces. Men, women, demons, gods, pigmys, and spirits, composed the motly group of characters ; the most ridiculous situations and the most unnatural changes occurred almost every instant. It seemed as if the genius of nonsense had exhausted all his abilities to compose it. I could not avoid being disgusted with such an outrage upon reason ; not so the rest of the auditors ; they viewed it with the greatest delight, and when it was concluded, heard its farther representation announced with the most vociferous applause.

Arm in arm, my guide and I now quitted the theatre. " Well, my friend," exclaimed he, " are you not absorbed in admiration of the theatrical amusements of the Ibolans ?" " Most sincerely do I pity them," replied I ; " they are certainly very unfortunate in having neither rational dramas, nor authors capable of writing them." — " You mistake the matter entirely," rejoined the genius ; " they are in possession of some of the most inimitable pieces ever written ; they have tragedies that might dissolve the soul of cruelty itself into infant softness ; and comedies, whose nice delineation of character and genuine humour might delight the sage, and excite the most sullen misanthrope to laughter ; but they are not the taste of the multitude, and for that reason are seldom brought forward ; for those who can with rapture listen to the effusions of absurdity and insipidity, would yawn with listless langour, and very probably slumber, at the representation of scenes fraught with nature, wit, pathos, and sublimity. But let us dismiss the subject."

" I will now take you to an amusement called gaming, to which many of the Ibolans of elevated rank and fortune, are strongly attached." We walked almost a mile through several elegant and commodious streets, till we arrived at a large mansion, into which my conductor gained a ready admittance. We were ushered into a room where a number of persons were sitting round a table, busily employed in violently shaking a box, which contained two dotted

cubical pieces of ivory; considerable sums of money lay before them: hope, joy, anguish, despair, and a thousand passions, appeared in their faces; and the most shocking oaths, or the most frantic exclamations of pleasure, burst from their lips, according as the two little squares proved favourable or inimical to their wishes. We viewed them for several hours, but tired at last with gazing upon employment so unamusing, I requested my conductor to depart; he acquiesced readily in my wish. "Call you this amusement?" exclaimed I, as we descended into the street; "to me it seems the most hateful of pursuits."—"Can it be any other than amusement?" replied my guide, "when it is so unremittingly, and in so many modes followed by numbers of the rich and the great. It must certainly be the highest of all amusements, or those who are devoted to it would not sacrifice their estates, their honour, and their health; for if they would not suffer their unfortunate and honest creditors to sink into ruin, that they might discharge a debt contracted at the table: nor is this pursuit confined to the male part of the creation; it is the idol of the softer sex, though in a different garb. Many of those angelic beings who attracted your admiration at the theatre, are adepts to this practice which meets your disapprobation: their beauty, their fortune, and their virtue, are nightly exposed to destruction, by their love for gaming, and yet you doubt whether it can be an amusement."

We had spent so much time at the gaming-table, that it was now morning; and after wandering about for a considerable time, admiring the elegance and extent of the capital, "This day," said the Genius, "is the day appointed for the performance of public worship by the Ibolans; we will enter the church which is now before us." This we did; the prayers were ended, and the minister was beginning his discourse. He delivered it from a little book, to which, like a child who had forgot his lesson, he was every instant under the necessity of recurring; the precepts were as excellent as his cold unanimated manner was disgusting; the auditors seemed to possess all the apathy of their teacher—many were sleeping, and the rest were busily employed either in admiring their own dress, or in gazing upon those around them: the discourse was finished in a very short time, and the people displayed as much alacrity in quitting the church, as they had shewn indifference to what they had heard within it.—

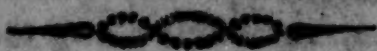


"We surely have been mistaken," said I to my conductor, when we were extricated from the crowd; "this cannot be one of the places of worship which the Ibolans frequent from principle? neither the minister nor his auditors seem to have the smallest belief in the sublime and inspiring truths which we have just heard; I should rather suppose that they were compelled to attend, and that they wished to revenge themselves by their contemptuous treatment of a doctrine which they disapprove."—"You are in an error," replied the genius with a smile, "but it is an error which I am not surprised at your falling into; yet these people came by choice, and they would be very much enraged at any person who should presume to doubt the sincerity of their religious professions: their pastor receives an almost princely stipend for the performance of his duty; but it is but seldom that he gratifies his flock by his appearance; he goes through his task by means of a deputy, to whom he scarcely allows sufficient to keep his soul united to his body: the discourse which he read was not composed by himself; that would have been too painful a drudgery; and, to obviate this inconvenience, he purchases a number of them from a person who manufactures them for the idle and unlearned of the profession. Are we to wonder that his auditors were so inattentive, when he himself appeared so little inspired in the inculcating and defending a system of religion which, if practised in its native purity, might enable even morality to perform actions almost angelic: but think not that all who profess this faith are like the one we have just seen, far from it; there are many among them whose faith, meekness, and charity are undenied, and whose lives are truly illustrations of the beauty and sublimity of the precepts which they are appointed to explain and defend."

We passed the evening in the company of several very elegant persons of both sexes: I expected to have found in their conversation knowledge devoid of pedantry, and wit uncontaminated by grossness; but I looked for these qualities in vain: the beauties of some favourite animal, the decision of some large bet, and other matters of almost equal importance, engaged the attention of the gentlemen: the ladies were as fully employed in descanting upon the merits of a new dress, in ascertaining the most elegant cut

for a bonnet, or in demolishing the reputations of those who presumed to rival them in beauty or splendour. We were told in confidence by one, that there would soon be a *fracas* between the Countess of Z. and her husband; for that Lord K. had been seen to visit the Countess at a very late hour, unknown to her husband. Another desired us not to pay the least attention to the intelligence we had just received, for, to her knowledge, it had no basis but the envy of its author, who was herself passionately fond of Lord K. and therefore detested the Countess of Z. A third informed us, that the two ladies who had just conversed with us, were deemed great beauties, but, that for her part, she had the greatest contempt imaginable for the taste of the world; and, in spite of all the praises lavished upon them, thought them two of the most odious creatures she had ever beheld. I should have been surprised at the extreme communicativeness of the assembly, had I not known the supernatural powers of my conductor. I soon found that the personages present were unanimous only in one point, which was in their hatred of some absent person, who seemed to be set up as the mark for every one to empty the quiver of his malignity upon.—Fatigued and disappointed, we retired, after a very late supper. “Good heavens!” exclaimed I as we departed, “is this the sense, the brilliancy, and the elegance of the Ibolans?—I have listened with the utmost attention all night, and have not heard one observation worthy of remembrance. Frivolity and slander seem to be their favourite deities: I am very much afraid that the Ibolans know nothing more of wit than the name.”—“You are mistaken,” replied my genius; “they have some of the most splendid wits that ever existed.”—“I should be very happy to see them,” rejoined I; “but I suppose, to prevent their becoming common, they are only shewn like relics at stated times: it may very probably proceed from my extreme dullness, but I have hitherto been unable to discover among them any indications of true and brilliant wit.”

(To be continued.)





## PAINTING, MUSIC, &amp; POETRY.

IT was my felicity, lately, to spend an evening with three young ladies, less distinguished for the various excellent gifts of nature and fortune, than for the elegant endowments of the mind. I shall call them Eudisia, Aspasia, and Clio: an amicable dispute was started,—from which of the allied arts, painting, music, or poetry, most innocent pleasure was derived: and though they all were proficient in each, they individually took different sides in the question, in order to exercise ingenuity, and elicit truth.

Eudisia supported painting, in nearly the following words——

“ By the aid of this charming art, friends or relatives may possess portraits of each other, as a memorial of affection when absence has separated them, or death interposed. The pencil likewise brings to our view distant objects, or exhibits the likeness of distinguished persons: it assists, farther, to perpetuate the noble exploits of our ancestors, as well as the glorious achievements of our present heroes: painting also serves to employ those hours innocently and agreeably, which otherwise might have been spent in tedious indolence or worthless pursuits. And, to sum up the whole, it improves the taste, charms the fancy, and meliorates the heart.

Hail! ye great artists, whose enchanting skill  
Can mould the passions, and controul the will:  
Not to the eye your labours are address,  
They boast an influence o'er the ductile breast,  
For, while entranc'd, each happy touch we view—  
The moral sense becomes reform'd by you:  
Beauty and order, harmony and ease,  
Unite to polish, as they tend to please.”

BLENHEIM, A POEM.

Aspasia, no mean proficient in music herself, paid her homage to this divine art in these terms——“ I admit, my dear Eudisia, of the truth of what you have said in favour of painting, but what are its effects compared with those of music! This enchanting science is at all times felt: when

weary from the toils of life, or disturbed with any uneasiness of mind, its soothing qualities are immediately confessed. It softens the fiery passions, tranquilizes the agitations of the breast, and throws us into a pleasing melancholy ; it makes us, for a time, forget our sorrows— even forget we are mortal ; and wakes the most rapturous sensations ; it gives a momentary relief to the throbs of pain, or rather draws off our attention from present sufferings. In short, it is the solace of woe, and the innocent promoter of happiness.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,  
And Fate's severest rage disarm :  
Music can soften pain to ease,  
And make despair and madness please :  
Our joys below it can improve,  
And antedate the bliss above."

POPE.

"I allow," said Clio, " that you have defended your favourite art with abundant animation ; but must you not both allow Poetry, which I mean to support, to be preferable to her rival sisters, since you have borrowed her aid to enforce their rights ? Poetry," continued she, " is as universal as Nature is various. It not only cultivates the understanding, but it purifies the taste, and refines the heart ; it heightens the felicity of the happy, and in a sovereign degree alleviates the misfortunes of its votaries. It is adapted to all times and seasons ; it lifts the mortal above this sublunary sphere ; it speaks in a language that thrills through the heart : it is the glorious meed of desert, and of itself is a sufficient reward to balance the injuries of fortune.

———The favour'd bard,  
Who, nobly conscious of his just reward,  
With loftier soul, and undecaying might,  
Paints what he feels in characters of light.

brilliant To him the powers of harmony resort,  
And, as he stands with high commanding port,  
All th' ethereal wilderness around,  
In his ear the thrilling stream of sound,  
———the realms on high  
Disclose their varied majesty ;



He feels the call ; then, bold beyond controul,  
Stamps on th' immortal page the visions of his soul.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Such is the poet, such his claim divine !

## PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

“ If such are the privileges of the bard, and if he can thus feel, and make others feel with him, it shews to what sublime height poetry can soar beyond the flight of either painting or music, though both of inestimable value. Painting, indeed, only pleases while we behold it ; music only charms while we hear it ; but poetry not only delights while under the eye, but leaves a lasting impression on the mind ; and the heart that has a genuine taste for its beauties, will always be open to the softest calls of humanity, and feel an elevation that nothing else can give.”

I listened with attention to this interesting and agreeable debate, and had the pleasure to find that no one of the Fair pleaders was pertinaciously addicted to the opinion she had delivered, but that all joined with me in giving the palm to poetry, and in requesting Clio to fill up the remainder of the evening, by reading part of that natural and fascinating production, the Farmer's Boy.

E. N.

## THE

## INJURY OF INTEMPERATE JUDGMENT

ILLUSTRATED IN

THE CHARACTER OF EPICURUS.

**T**HAT mankind are caught by sounds rather than by their judgment, is a melancholy truth, which the experience of every age uniformly illustrates. A cur has no sooner been branded with the hydrophobia, than the heedless multitude unite to pursue it with staves and pitchforks, nor think of enquiring whether it were mad or not, till they have worried it to death. For this reason numberless illustrious characters have struggled through life under a

load of obloquy, which might almost justify posterity in declining to meddle with established errors, and their ashes were slumbering in the dust before their contemporaries gave themselves time to examine whether they were entitled to applause or to infamy; in short, no sooner does a bright star of genius aberrate from the stated round of popular prejudice, or seem but to trench upon the accepted notions which darkness and ignorance have implanted in the public mind, than the war-whoop of alarm is resounded. Persecution marshals all its mercenaries from the tale of slander to the gibbet and the stake; the innovation is pronounced damnable, and the herd believe it.

I have been led to these reflections from lately perusing some observations on the character of Epicurus—A man, who, if we are to believe the chit chat, (and indeed the writers) of the day, was a mere beast, fattening in the sty of sensuality—devoted to every species of gross intemperance and disgusting indulgence; but that he by no means merits this disgraceful reputation, may, I think, easily be shewn. I shall say nothing of his ideas of the origin of all things, because in the remote age in which he flourished, any error of this kind almost was pardonable, and the aspersions which have been cast upon his character, are grounded not upon his physics but upon his ethics. And here I must be allowed to say that he is reprobated not because he deserved it, but because his slanderers were too passionate, too bigoted, too much men to enquire what it was *indeed* that the philosopher taught. His grand fundamental position it is true, is that *pleasure* is the chief good of man. A position at any *rate* fully licentious enough! you will say. Softly friend! let us hear what the culprit has to say for himself: His prominent maxims are—1. That all pleasure, which has no *pain* connected with it, is to be pursued. 2. All pain, which has no *pleasure* resulting from it, is to be avoided. 3. All pleasure which supercedes or prevents a greater pleasure, or ensures a greater pain, is to be deprecated. 4. All pain which anticipates a greater pain, or proves accessory to a greater pleasure, is to be embraced.

In defining pleasure he tells us that it consists in indolence of body and in tranquility of mind. This indolence of body is preserved by temperance, and tranquility of

mind is the fruit of virtue. In all *this* there is most certainly nothing which should entitle the man who inculcates it to public odium and execration. And it is evidently not the substance but the sound at which the chastity of moderation is intimidated. According to what has been now stated, Diogenes Laertius tells us that Epicurus maintained "that there is an inseparable connection betwixt virtue and true happiness," and one of his favourite maxims was, "Live thou as the Gods, in immortal virtue, and thou shalt have nothing common with mortals." Ammonius, in Aristotle's Catalogue, likewise informs us, that "the Epicureans were called *Hedonici*, because they made pleasure the last end of man. Pleasure, not that of the body, but the tranquil undisturbed constitution of the soul, which is devoted to virtue." But not to multiply testimonies, the real character of the Epicurean philosophy may be best learned from the life, the manners, and the habits of its founder.

Those who conversed with him, and accompanied him through all the vicissitudes of life, assure us that he was pious and reverential towards the gods—dutiful to his parents—the fast friend of his country—kind and bountiful to his pupils, his friends and dependents. In his mode of life he was sober and temperate—seldom indulged himself with the use of wine.—Bread was his food—water his daily beverage; and if at any time he allowed himself a morsel of cheese, it exalted his banquet to luxury. Pleasure being his chief end, he purchased a beautiful garden at Athens, and there lived in the bosom of friendship—estranged to the bustle of life, conversed with his pupils of philosophy, or devoted himself to study. He lived 72 years, and died of the stone in the bladder, in the second year of the 127th Olympiad.

A few hours only previous to his dissolution, speaking of the torments of his disorder to his friend Idomeneus, he tells him that the joy he then felt in his mind in the review of his public instructions, stood, as it were, in battle array betwixt him and the agonies he endured.

Such was the man which fastidiousness has uniformly calumniated. And if it gives us a caution to beware for the future, how we revile a heathen with whom we are

unacquainted, how much more does it caution us against catching at merely *obnoxious sounds*, and calumniating one another.

W. H.

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## ZELOMIR:

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF  
MOREL DE VINDE.

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**W**HAT times were the ages of chivalry, so extolled by our ancient writers of romance!—what manners, what barbarity—Petty sovereigns continually at war with each other—usurpation and murder regarded as the highest titles of glory by the heroes of feudal anarchy—wretched vassals reduced beneath the despotism of an ignorant liege lord, at the same time crushing vassals less powerful under a yoke of iron; while in thier turn these last, the petty tyrants of their numerous serfs, exercised the abuse of power even to the unnoticed roof of penury. It was a chain of slavery; the links ascended without interruption from the lowest serf who turned the glebe, to the sovereign, who himself enjoyed not his authority, but as far as he possessed effectively the greatest power: without that, his station rendered him only the slave of his slave.

This capricious circle of despotism and slavery had given brutality to manners—had sanctified ignorance—had emboldened guilt by impunity. He who possessed power, believed that he possessed right; and since to be the strongest was the sole aim of all, the art of combat was the only art in repute: the most accomplished man, as well as the most estimable, was he who could manage best his courser, unhorse his adversary by a thrust of his lance, or cleave a foe in two by a blow of his scymetar.

However, since among men all things meet their compensation, so amid these days of barbarism were sometimes displayed heroic virtues and illustrious actions. Humanity, expelled by a cruel sense of honor, and a species of glory as destructive, from the hearts of men, took refuge in the



female bosom: that charming sex, formed for an universal empire the most stedfast and the most delightful, softened in some measure the excess of this ferocity: all-powerful beauty raised and lightened the iron chains of this feudal and pitiless bondage.

Extravagance, and the multiplicity of events produced from these causes, give a lively interest to times which reason and humanity condemn. I confess that I cannot withdraw my attention from the details of our ancient chronicles: in them I study the heart of man in its state of semi-barbarism; and although frequently I meet with facts which disgust and afflict me, yet there are some which excite such tender and interesting emotions, that one alone suffices to counterbalance the fatigue of the rest; and I return continually to these studies, with the hope of experiencing the same sensations.

Let me then be pardoned, if to these distant ages I attract attention; the events which I am about to relate may probably raise interest sufficient to plead my excuse.

At the time of the Crusades, the southern banks of the Danube, which are now possessed by Mahometan infidels, were divided into petty sovereignties, formerly dependent on the monarch of the two Hungaries, but which, through the progressive decline of power in those extensive countries, are since become free states. These monarchs, descended from the celebrated chieftains of those barbarians, the Huns: the power of whom was first bounded and their conquests restrained by Charlemagne: they no longer equalled their ancestors; the nobles had affranchised themselves from all obedience; they scarcely submitted to external homage; and history more than sufficiently proves to what a height these mighty vassals carried their power beyond that of their liege sovereign.

In the most delightful climate of that part of Europe which joins the Black Sea, and thereby holds communication with Asia, arose a rich and powerful city, situated on the Danube, and governed, together with the country of Servia, of which it was the capital, by a prince equally just and humane; a prince to whom few can be found similar in those ages of ignorance and barbarity. This city, which, under the name of Bellegrade, has become famous in our own

times, was then called *Alba Græca*.—Its numerous inhabitants, more influenced by love than duty, obeyed the wise Lodonor, and his wife Guislande, who, from inclination, made the happiness of their vassals their principal care.

Lodonor and Guislande, after a rather extraordinary train of adventures, had been united very young: the difficulties their passion had met with, had rendered it the more ardent; and never so firmly as between them, appeared marriage to be accompanied by happiness and fidelity.

The courage and prudence of Lodonor made him respected among his neighbours, and endeared him to those who were under his subjection. Equally devoid of ambition and pusillanimity he neither sought to extend the vast dominions which he had received from his father, nor permitted the audacity of any one to attack them.

The repulse he had given the first enterprizes of some of his ambitious neighbours, had restrained all others from following their example; and Lodonor had succeeded in securing to all his states a solid peace, amid the anarchy which invested them on every side.

Peace had attracted into *Alba Græca* all the learned men and famous artists which Hungary then produced: the neighbourhood of Italy, where barbarism had made less progress than in the rest of Europe, facilitated the fortunate acquisitions of this kind which Lodonor made from day to day. With peace and this happy dawn of intelligence, arrived abundance, gentleness of manners, and the rapid improvement of all the useful arts. *Alba Græca* had advanced in civilization a whole century before the rest of Hungary.

Unhappily, these first efforts of human reason were necessarily ill seconded, and fanaticism stepped forward to stifle them at their very birth.

The popes, who pretended to universal dominion, dreading the power of their sceptred subjects, trembled lest those kings whom their ambition incited them to command, should in the end become acquainted with the weakness of their master, should league themselves together, and reduce the *holy see* to that spiritual authority which no longer satisfied the *the servant of the servants of God*. The profound and continued policy of these of the church had, without

interruption, the modest tendency of realizing in their own favour the promise of the kingdom of heaven upon earth. At the epoch we are describing, they conceived it necessary to impel all Europe to arm against Asia: by such a step they might employ that martial fury at a distance, of which the proximate explosion might be fatal to themselves.

Missionaries and furious zealots were sent by the court of Rome to all the Catholic courts of Europe: already a million of men, enthusiasts for what they then entitled honor, and eager to obtain the indulgencies promised by the pontiffs, took the cross, and hastened to seek in the country of the infidels both shame and death.

The termination of the eleventh century of our æra first witnessed this excessive madness: the whole of Hungary, ere it had scarcely embraced Christianity, delivered itself up to the general enthusiasm; with the greater fury, because it added private hatred, nourished long since by its neighbourhood to the infidels, and by the continual petty wars which such neighbourhood excites.

Ladislas, then sovereign of both Hungaries, was elected in 1095 as commander of this cloud of crusaders, and he hastened to convoke his chief vassals. Lodonor was among the first who obeyed the order: honor made it his duty, and however enlightened he was for the age in which he lived, he was not sufficiently so to escape the universal delirium.

The expedition was moreover announced as easy and of speedy termination, and Lodonor was leaving his states under the direction of a second self. His beloved Guislande, the soul of his counsels, the mistress of all his thoughts, the adoration of his people, would be with facility equal to those cares which they each considered as duties; and Lodonor was departing without inquietude, in hope of soon returning to lay new laurels at the feet of his worthy spouse, and give his sons the lesson of example.

Lodonor had by his happy union six children; the youngest had received the name of Zelomir, and his beauty, his rising graces, the dangers his mother had experienced in his birth, rendered him the object of the secret

predilection of his parents ; which, however, they concealed with care, even frequently reproached themselves with, but they could never withstand this involuntary sentiment.

Among the enlightened persons whom Lodonor had drawn to his court, was a learned man, who united modesty to wisdom, and went far beyond that age in wisdom and philosophy. His noble and courageous heart was guided and sustained by intelligence at that time the most astonishing ; his mind possessed of itself sufficient force to rise above all the ideas received by ignorance, or inspired by political fanaticism.

This man was named Alberti, and had fled from Italy, his native country, for reasons which may easily be imagined ; he found virtues in Lodonor, and he attached himself to him. Lodonor perceived his merit, and wished to load him with gifts, but Alberti would accept no more than what was absolutely necessary ; and Lodonor, disappointed in the exertions, of a noble generosity, had no other way of displaying it, than by honouring him with free access, and requesting him to superintend with himself the education of his children. Alberti, rejoiced at the opportunity of saving these young innocents from the dangers to which their birth and the darkness of the times exposed their hearts and their reason, yielded up his whole attention to these tender cares ; he loved Lodonor, he admired Guislande, and as a father he cherished the children which were confided to him.

No sooner had he become acquainted with the determination of Lodonor to join the crusaders, then he felt a presentiment of the evils which would result from such a step to his kingdom, his family, and himself. The interest he took in the concerns of this prince was too sincere ; he was too open, too little the courtier to conceal his disapprobation. He strenuously set himself against the purpose of Lodonor, and used the most violent efforts to dissuade him from its execution. His zeal ruined him. To convince his misguided friend, he declaimed against the politics of Rome, and even against its worship. He dared to display such philosophical principles as were in those days punished with fire : no dread, no consideration restrained him. Unhappily, Lodonor



and Guislande were not sufficiently enlightened to understand him : he seemed to breathe impiety—his sentiments shocked them, and they regarded him as the most dangerous being that their children could approach. His banishment from court was considered an indulgence towards him who appeared to have drawn on himself the vengeance due to the name of God, and of which the exercise was even looked upon as a duty.

Alberti, more sensibly afflicted for the evils to which his benefactor was about to expose himself, than for his own disgrace, retired, weeping over the errors to which three parts of the human race were devoted, and shuddering, at the villainy of that little number of impostors who plunged and held mankind in ignorance and credulity.

He went to conceal both his reason and his indignation in a hamlet not far distant from Alba Græca, and lived there solitary and unknown; study and meditation in some measure served to divert the mournful tendency of his mind.

Lodonor, subjected to the prejudices of the age, deaf to the voice of truth and friendship, continued his immense preparations, lavished away his treasures, assembled together his bravest warriors, and imprudently left Guislande without interior defence, without the means of procuring foreign aid, and at the same time charged with the preservation of an enfeebled empire, open on all sides to the ambition of the first who should attack it.

The character of Guislande offers indeed some excuse for this imprudence: her soul was courageous, bold, comprehensive, embracing resources even in the most desperate occurrences; her imagination was easily on the wing, and rose rapidly above the circumstances that required the effort: the most violent resolutions did not daunt her at the moment of danger, and her conduct had always the advantages of force and activity, if ever it failed in prudence. But of what utility was this strenuous mind of Guislande, since Lodonor had robbed her genius of all the instruments it could employ at the pressure of peril?

Lodonor, blinded at first by zeal, by the hope of speedy return, and still more by the long and stedfast peace that

encircled his dominions, now received a new impulse of glory, that rendered him still more determined in his design. Ladislas, his liege lord and chief of the crusaders, died, and Lodonor had been chosen by those of Lower Hungary to command them, in this war ordained by heaven; and this honor would not have suffered him to renounce his projects, if he had even framed such a desire.

But the most rational motive of security was the departure of his neighbours, who, as well as himself, and even under his orders, had taken the cross, and who weakening themselves equally as much as he had done, delivered him from all the inquietude he might have entertained for the tranquility of himself and his children.

Among the neighbouring princes one only did not join the expedition; but he was of so little consideration, and his very refusal to take the cross was regarded as such an instance of cowardice, that it was impossible to esteem him dangerous. Besides, Lodonor depended firmly on returning before so pusillanimous a prince should be able to undertake any thing against his states, should he even be seized by such an inclination, of which his conduct had hitherto marked him as incapable.

This neighbouring prince was, however, dangerous in the extreme; or rather where the imbecility of pride was to be despised than to be feared, the direction of that pride by an artful and unprincipled minister, ought to have excited the strictest attention. Conviction will follow the knowledge of their characters.

Ulric commanded the people of Temesvar, a country of considerable extent on the southern shore of the Danube, and which that river alone separated from the dominion of Lodonor. One bridge, the construction of which has been attributed to Trajan, formed the only point of communication between the two kingdoms. Ulric, too cowardly to venture to attack Lodonor, had hitherto not given him the least inquietude; and seduced by this security, the imprudent crusader had led with him even the garrison which had been stationed in a fort which commanded the bridge of Trajan.

Ulric possessed extraordinary muscular prowess; but nature, in endowing him with corporeal excellencies, had

denied the faculties of the mind. He was the most vain and the most cowardly among mankind. His pride and his folly, his understanding narrow and timid, his pretensions ridiculous, and his pleasures brutal, had together rendered him subservient to the views of Toreslaw, a skilful man, without manners or principles, who, in assisting the pleasures and flattering the pride of his master, deprived him of almost all power, and made him the blind instrument of his blameable and often cruel wishes.

It was sufficient for Toreslaw to say to Ulric, "A prince like you should so conduct yourself," for the monarch to think that he could not dispense with the measure proposed, and to charge Toreslaw with the execution of it. As this odious minister chose rather to preserve his power, than to risk its stability by extending the dominions of his master, he had continued at peace with the neighbours of Temesvar as long as they were in a state of resistance; and on this account he had determined to keep Ulric from joining the crusade.

This wretch had no more faith than Alberti in the errors of the age; but this, it may be easily imagined, proceeded from a very different cause. Interest blinded the credulity of the one, reason illumined the perception of the other. Toreslaw had well considered that the general enervation of the countries of the credulous crusaders would facilitate the means of increasing the power of his master, and consequently his own. He therefore thus addressed himself to that prince: "My liege, you were not designed to conceal your exploits, and confound their brilliancy with those of so many others; suffer this vile multitude to depart—suffer it to be defeated—and then marching alone against the Sultan, shew the world that it belongs to a hero like yourself to overturn the Saracen throne."

Ulric, who in truth was not sorry to find a pretence for not fighting, applauded Toreslaw loudly, and easily conceived that it did not become such a hero as him to perform actions on the hazard of losing the same of them. He refused to devote himself to the holy war, and this conduct, as has been said before, was one of the occasions of the unfortunate security of Lodonor.

Not without shedding many tears, did Guislande and

her children behold that unhappy prince depart. He embraced them; he endeavoured to console their afflictions, and to remove their fears as far as possible to him: he represented the commands of God as an insuperable motive of resignation. Guislande essayed to dispel the dark presentiments which crouded on her imagination, lifting up her children one by one into the arms of their father. These deserted innocents received at the same moment his benediction, and his last endearments: in embracing Zelomir, the heart of Lodonor was more sensibly affected; and a tear, which he could not restrain, trickled down his face.

Zelomir, who had hardly attained his third year, pressed, with his little arms extended, the cheeks of his father, and seemed, in the simple eloquence of caresses, to reproach this paternal desertion. Lodonor was compelled to rend himself from these tender farewells—he departed from Alba Græca, and hastened to surpass the exploits, while he shared the dangers, of the other crusaders in Palestine.

Immediately after the departure of her husband, Guislande, uniting courage with wisdom, lost her grief in the cares which his over-zealous piety had left her. She drew around her all such as she esteemed proper to insure success to her designs, not only in the councils, but in the education of her children. With what extreme regret did she recollect Alberti; but the cause of his disgrace was an insurmountable obstacle to his recal. All that remained to this courageous philosopher, whom the ingratitude of the court had neither irritated, nor had it disturbed his anxious attachment to this interesting family, was to mingle sometimes with the croud, that he might have the pleasure of beholding objects so dear to him, and to convey to Guislande anonymous epistles relative to the various departments of administration, or to such parts of education as appeared to require his counsels.

Three months were already past since the departure of the crusade, when Toreslaw, informed by faithful agents of the ill fortune it had encountered, and particularly of the losses Lodonor had experienced, believed that the moment of conquering Servia, and seizing on Alba Græca, was at length arrived. His personal ambition, rather than the glory of his master, had made him for a considerable time covet this usurpation. Absolute in despotism under



so pusillanimous a prince, the possession of Alba Græca, the richest and most flourishing city of Hungary, promised his avarice new treasures, his cruelty new victims, and his credit, which long since appeared firmly established, but which he considered that he could never fortify too much, new means of stability. The ambition which he secretly nourished went further still: since he was not older than Ulric, the possibility of despoiling him of one of the two dominions, perhaps of both, often stole in upon his prospects of futurity. He, however, dared not yet hardly to imagine the means of success: cautious and attached to life, he chose the surer ground, and appeared, while labouring for his own aggrandizement, to be entirely devoted to the interests of Ulric.

Consequently, after taking the necessary measures, and disposing every thing for the proposed attack, he hastened to set forth his project to Ulric.

"My liege," said he, "genius like yours ought not to remain contented with the narrow boundaries of your paternal realms; it requires that you should extend the glory of your name, and the limits of your power. Speak the word, and Alba Græca, with all the kingdom of Servia shall more than double the number of your subjects." Ulric at the proposition of a war, turned pale with terror. Toreslaw perceived this and continued—"Nor yet, my liege, am I guilty of designing to expose a prince of your value, like a wretched soldier, among dangers: remain in your palace—I will go myself at the head of your troops, and subdue nations who scarce deserve the happiness of being governed by you. You shall then hasten to enjoy your victory at Alba Græca, the charming situation of which is far more suitable to you than this of Temesvar."

"It is well—you are in the right," replied Ulric; "my genius and my great qualities render me worthy of the two crowns. Go, and may success, equalling my worth, overwhelm me with glory."

Success was not difficult against a state without troops, without defence, open on all sides: traitors intriguing with the enemy who was meditating the destruction of their country—numerous partizans, payed and devoted to Tore-

slaw, rendered the enterprize as certain as it was expeditious. Toreslaw rendered it dreadful and sanguinary.

Furnished with unlimited directions from the feeble Ulic, he departed, passed the bridge of Tragan, and presented himself before Alba Græca, before time for any defence to be attempted had elapsed—which indeed the want of men and of arms would have rendered nugatory. Guislande, however, caused the gates of the city to be immediately closed; a few citizens who were able to bear arms, arranged themselves around her. Alberti first of all, the magnanimous Alberti, presented himself at the head of the inhabitants of the hamlet, his asylum. Vain efforts—the same night beheld the city taken by assault, the courageous Guislande without defence, and the dominions of Lodonor in the power of an infamous deserter.

But who, without shuddering, can retrace the horrors of this dreadful night? Toreslaw had condemned to death Guislande and all her unfortunate children. His cruel and blood-thirsty soul entertained itself with this sacrifice to the security of his usurpation: the word was given, and his inhuman satellites were executing his decrees. By the light of the flames which consumed the palace of Lodonor, these wretches entered the apartments of Guislande and her children, and massacred all whom they found within. One who surpassed the rest in the violence of cruelty, seized Zelomir, already wounded, and who still existed, and bearing him off, with savage ferocity exclaimed, "Let Toreslaw behold the completion of his commission." He returned, and threw upon the heap of bodies an infant mutilated and totally disfigured.

Toreslaw desired to enjoy in person this dreadful spectacle—he wished to count his victims, lest any might have escaped: his ravenous eyes with cruel delight viewed a woman, clothed in elegant vestments, whose countenance was disfigured with wounds and gore; at her feet, lay six children—they appeared to him to be Guislande and her offspring, but the fire, which burst violently upon this scene of horror allowed him not a particular examination; he was obliged to withdraw, and the flames at the same time devoured his victims, and, many of their murderers, whom the ardour of pillage had blinded to their destruction.

Toreslaw at length satisfied, thought only how to check the greedy fury of the soldiers, and the progress of the flames he succeeded with difficulty. A yoke of iron, which now bowed down the heads and the hopes of the people of Servia, secured their entire submission, and his conquest. Ulric, proud of the prosperous effect of his imagined orders, arrived to take possession: Toreslaw prepared for him a triumphant entry, and hireling muses sung Ulric the most valorous and the most victorious of kings. Ulric, too much a fool to see through the honors which Toreslaw caused to be paid him, conceived nothing superabundant in the incense which was lavished, while the mercenary flattery of his vile slaves continually surpassed all that even he himself had the silly weakness to imagine.

Toreslaw, in the mean time, and particularly the pusillanimous Ulric, were not without fears for the possibility of the return and of the vengeance of Lodonor: but heaven, as if it would assure to their crime a success without the alloy of dread, took from them this remaining inquietude. They received intelligence that Lodonor, transported by his courage, had been made prisoner—that having been reduced to the most abject state of captivity, he had been sold to slave merchants, and conducted to the farthest part of Asia, whence all manner of return appeared utterly impossible.

This intelligence, however, Toreslaw communicated to Ulric only, and carefully kept it secret for a considerable time. He wished to strengthen his power. The hope of the return of Lodonor with succours kept the discontented in quietness; and during these hopes, Toreslaw so closely riveted the fetters he had forged for them, that they dared not, when the loss of Lodonor was known, attempt to break them.

Every thing succeeded according to his desires, his crimes had no avenger to dread but remorse—remorse, the friend of virtue, deigned not to regard the depraved heart of Toreslaw. He experienced, however, one moment of fear; his credit received a shock; but a new crime restored him immediately his ascendancy.

Ulric, devoted to every excess in his new-acquired dominions, suffered himself for a short time to be almost entirely governed by one of his mistresses, more dexterous

than the rest, who was ambitious of supplanting the minister, by flattering the vanity of Ulric, and irritating his desires. She had nearly effected her purpose, when the villain, perceiving his destruction at hand, arrested her power by means of a subtle poison, which instilled death through her veins.

Terrified by this occurrence, and dreading a repetition of a similar event, he resolved to get Ulric married, and to give him a wife of his own choice. The children which might be born gave him but little uneasiness; and he was a thousand times less in awe of a legitimate wife, whose influence would undoubtedly decrease with enjoyment, than of a mistress, who in a moment of ascendancy, would easily turn to her purposes the violence of Ulric.

He soon directed his machinations to the desired point. "It is indispensable," said he, "my liege, for you to leave behind you heirs of your illustrious name; your people, who adore you, prostrate at your feet, request by my voice a son who may succeed to your courage and your virtues." "True," replied Ulric, "my people are in the right: declare to them that I am about to take a wife, and that I will not suffer the illustrious name of Ulric to perish."

The choice of the victim who was to be united to the stupid and brutal Ulric, was committed to Toreslaw. The devoted sacrifice was found in a neighbouring court, where the absence of her father, who had joined the crusade with Lodonor, the weakness of her mother, the dread of a sudden irruption, and a war terminating only with utter devastation, decided the fate of the young and innocent Adela. She was conducted to Alba Græca, and speedily underwent the detestable bondage which necessity imposed upon her.

Her temper was mild and timid, and Toreslaw saw that he had once more succeeded. Adela perceived no means of safety, but that of blind submission to the will of her husband, or rather of his minister, resigned herself to her doom, and performed mournfully her painful duties, without making the least effort to deliver herself, or even to resist them.

Happily for her, heaven, in pity to her tears and her misfortunes, gave her a consolation: three years after the



taking of Alba Græca, she brought into the world a daughter, the only fruit of this unhappy union. As the fate of this infant was indifferent to Toreslaw, the care of its education was left to Adela, who in that delightful office experienced all the happiness her heart was now capable of enjoying.

Rosisla, under the tutelage of her mother, imbibed every virtue, and grew every day more lovely and interesting. She alone was sufficient to lighten the cares and servile obedience to which Adela was reduced—she alone sufficed to give charms to a life of which Adela had till her birth earnestly desired the extinction. There are no evils which a mother cannot sustain.

The cruel policy of Toreslaw, at the taking of Alba Græca, was deceived: two of his victims, by an effort of the most sublime and courageous friendship, had escaped. In the midst of that horrible night, Guislande had not shut herself up fearfully in her palace: she had invested her limbs with massy armour, and fought at the head of the brave citizens who had gathered around her. She was yielding to her numerous foes—her valiant defenders were heaped upon the ground, while endeavouring to make for her a rampart of their bodies, when one of the soldiers exclaimed, "Comrades, the palace is in flames—it is delivered to plunder—shall we lose our share of such riches? To the palace—away to the palace." At these exclamations, the whole troop abandoned Guislande, and ran towards the palace.

The same soldier then approached her, his sword pointed towards the ground: "Follow me, Guislande—I know thee—fear nothing—Live for Lodonor." At the same time he took her helmet from her, and covered her head with that of an enemy who was expiring at her feet: snatching from her hand the bloody sabre which she still grasped, and favoured by the darkness of the night, he led her to the gates of the city. He entrusted her to two inhabitants of the country, whom he found there, and to whom he gave his orders. Then leaving her, he rushed again amid the enemy.

Guislande, forcibly conducted by her two guides, vainly desired to return to the palace, and die with her children: her conductors kept her as their prisoner, and were deaf to

her entreaties, they at length arrived at a dark and solitary wood, and Guislande was impelled to enter a remote and profound cavern. There exhausted with fatigue and despair, picturing to her imagination the murder of her children, her reason became troubled, and her spirits daunted. She fell upon a bed of moss and leaves, formed by some wretched herdsmen at the bottom of the cave, while her guards went to watch at the entrance.

Guislande devotes herself to death—her burning eyes find not the relief of tears: there are miseries too great to be wept! All to her is lost—all to her is ended!—Lodonor—she shall never behold him again!—her children—she will not, she cannot survive them.

An hour passed in this dreadful agitation—her despair arises to its height—it becomes an agony of rage, to which she is ready to fall a victim. "Let me die," she exclaims, "let me follow my children.—Farewell, Lodonor—farewell for ever!"—"Thou shalt not die," cried out the unknown soldier, rushing into the cavern, and placing the wounded Zelomir upon the bosom of his mother. "No; thy husband is perhaps yet alive, and this infant demands thy protection." At the sight of Zelomir, Guislande found a copious stream of tears: she fell upon her knees, grasping the hand of the unknown soldier. Incomprehensible being—guardian angel—by what miracle———"The relation would be useless," replied Alberti, elevating the visor of his helmet; "I have done that which duty required: a philosopher may be brave and generous. Unhappy Guislande, may this infant snatched from the grasp of death, enable thee to support thy other misfortunes! may he sustain thy courage! Thou hast, alas! but him—live for him, and for thy husband. Expect from time and from heaven, vengeance severely just. Live—calm thy mind—thy retreat is impenetrable and secure; I pledge myself for the discretion of those my two friends, who belong to the neighbouring village."

The cries of Zelomir in pain attracted all the attention of his mother. Zelomir remains to her—Guislande no longer desires to die. She tears away the fragments of her armour, and rends her vestments for linen to dress his wound. Alberti gives her all the aid which his profound knowledge and his humanity enable him frequently to be-

stow. The child is not mortally wounded—his pain diminishes and he smiles upon his mother.

The sight of Alberti, who still wore the helmet and the bloody breast-plate of one of the guards of Toreslaw, terrified the infant. Alberti strips them off, removes them out of sight, and returns to receive the affecting caresses of the child, and to hear the heartfelt expressions of the gratitude and the admiration of Guislande.

Alberti had made himself esteemed and beloved in the village where he had resided: he usefully employed the zeal and vigilance of these two countrymen, with whose discretion and fidelity he was acquainted, and who, at the same time, were ignorant what trust was confided to them. In a short time Zelomir recovered his health, and his mother sufficient courage to support existence.

"You are believed to be dead, Madam," said Alberti at length to Guislande: "the instructress of your daughters has been taken for you, and I have contrived to shew these butchers Zelomir without life, an unknown infant, who had already become their victim, served to deceive them; fear not, therefore, researches which would be fruitless, even were they not already believed to be unnecessary. I have likewise had time to attend to another care, and to gain possession of that which will be needful to your future wants: being master of the secrets of the palace, I forced the hidden chamber which contained the remainder of the treasure which Lodonor had not employed in his unhappy enterprise—it is here—your jewels composed the greatest part of it; I easily seized the casket which contained them, and deprived the ravenous plunderers of this booty. In a short time we will remove farther from Alba Græca, the proximity of which would oblige us to remain concealed in this cavern, and would impede the cares which we owe to Zelomir. I will conduct you both to a secure retreat, where we will wait for intelligence of your imprudent husband, or for his return, if his return be permitted by heaven."

Alberti redoubled his care and zeal to inspire Guislande with courage, and even with hope: he had the delicacy to respect her prejudices, and the art of employing them with effect in inclining her soul to resignation. All the zeal that friendship can incite—all the resources which

genius and intelligence can imagine—all the determination that courage can inspire—was made use of by the generous Alberti, in favour of the unfortunate woman who had condemned him to exile, but whom his great mind had long since pardoned. The most happy effect crowned his exertions.

As soon as the wounds of Zelomir were cured, Alberti left the cavern, disguised as a merchant, and went to choose, on the borders of Moravia, which separates Servia from Bulgaria, a recluse and simple, though convenient habitation. He purchased one with the lands and cottages dependent on it, and having furnished it with whatever might be necessary to Guislande and Zelomir, he soon returned to conduct them thither from the cavern, under the name of his wife and child. He succeeded in every thing beyond his expectation. Having bestowed on the discretion of the two good countrymen its merited reward, he told them that he was leaving Servia for ever, and was going, with the unfortunate woman and her child whom he had saved, to seek among the infidels that repose which they could never expect near the ferocious usurper of the possessions of Lodonor. After taking all these necessary precautions to conceal even from his friends his new retreat, and to render himself there perfectly unknown, he set out on his journey during the night, and traversing the numerous forests which surrounded the habitation he had chosen, he thither conducted, without danger, the precious trusts with which his generous friendship had charged itself.

There the tender mother and the faithful friend were entirely busied in attention to Zelomir. Consolatory cares aided them to support their mutual impatience to obtain intelligence of Lodonor; and they would have enjoyed some degree of tranquility, if the uneasiness which arose from the long absence and inexplicable silence of that chief of the crusade, had not produced in the mind of Guislande an agitation the more distressing, as it increased with every passing day of disappointed expectation.

Every week Alberti departed from the forest, and making a tour through the neighbouring villages, endeavoured skilfully, and without exposing himself, to learn the fate of the crusaders. How great was his affliction when he heard of the slavery of Lodonor, the account of which



Toreslaw at length suffered to transpire. He hesitated at first whether he should afflict with this dreadful blow the anxious Guislande; but the need in which Lodonor must stand of the assistance of this courageous wife, did not permit him to debate long; and as soon as he was assured of the veracity of his information, he thought it his duty to speak thus to Guislande:

"Heaven offers you an opportunity, Madam, of displaying your courage, and your entire confidence in its goodness. I have a further grief—a further misfortune to relate——" "O God!" exclaimed Guislande, "Lodonor is then dead."—"No Madam," returned Alberti, "he lives—he needs your aid—his calamity is not without resource: Heaven and your affection command you to consecrate to him a life, which only through him is dear to you, and to the cares which you alone can render him." He then recounted to her all that he had learned; and at the same time communicating to her the kind of aid possible to be conveyed to Lodonor, he so firmly elevated her courage, that he gave grief no time to establish itself in her bosom, already violently rent. The noblest enthusiasm seized the illustrious soul of Guislande. The dangers she was about to expose herself for her husband at once distracted and rejoiced her, and this new stroke of fate served only to redouble her fortitude.

It was necessary that Guislande should set out for Asia: she only could venture amid the infidels, whither no man, since the commencement of the crusade, could appear without certain slavery. Slavery did not intimidate Alberti; but in that condition, of what service could he be to Lodonor? It was to Alberti, therefore, that the care of the tender Zelomir was to be entrusted: it was Guislande's part to endeavour the recovery of her husband. Her courage was not delayed by hesitation, while Alberti, grieved that it was not in his power to render this service to her, prepared every possible means of lessening the dangers of her journey. He insisted upon her taking the whole of the treasure which he had saved from the palace; the whole might be required to pay the ransom of Lodonor. "I am in want of nothing, Madam," said he to her, "and to you, all that you can take may be too little. For the education of Zelomir, no longer a prince, but an unfortunate

child, who must be tutored in the school of adversity, the little gold which remains to me, and the produce of this estate, will suffice: but in leaving us, have confidence in my cares—leave your child with me without fear. Neither gold nor effeminate luxury must be his—he shall possess courage and strength, for he has his family to avenge: it is for you to save his father.” Guislande, full of reflection and gratitude, consented to receive the numerous jewels, of which Alberti had made himself master, and with trembling hands concealed them under the shells and plaits of her pilgrim habit, with which she was about to disguise herself.

Devotion had conducted crowds of armed men along the roads of Palestine; the same fanaticism, united with the misery to which they had been abandoned, likewise drew thither numerous troops of female pilgrims. These the infidels suffered to pass unmolested: from such they could have nothing to fear, and some small quantity of money was always expended by these travellers on their journey; while part of them even remained in the countries of the Saracens, having exhausted the slender means with which they hoped to have arrived at the holy shrine, and to have returned home. The policy of the Sultans ordained the tranquility which these devout pilgrims were suffered to enjoy. With all this Alberti was acquainted, and on that knowledge he founded his hopes for Lodonor, and the little anxiety he entertained for the long journey which Guislande was to undertake. Already changed by her misfortunes, entirely disguised by her assumed habit, and concealed amid the numerous body of pilgrims with whom she departed, this princess had little to apprehend but the difficulty of discovering the place to which Lodonor had been conveyed: but however uncertain this was, the attempt was resolved on. What ideas of impossibility can remain in the mind of such a woman and such a wife as Guislande?

Yet how cruel, how heart-rending was the moment of departure! Guislande was tearing herself from the only child that remained to her—Guislande was quitting her Zelomir, without knowing when she should again behold him. Alberti himself, full of affliction, had need of all his courage to remind this unfortunate woman, that the duties of a wife surpassed those of a mother. She covered

Zelomir with the most tender tears and kisses, and started from him.—She was returning to fold him again in her arms, when the friendship of Alberti seized her by the hand, and led her to some distance from her infant; there, making a violent but necessary struggle over his own agitated heart, he succeeded in rendering this afflicted mother conscious of the imperious duties which she had undertaken to fulfil.

At the moment of her departure, Alberti, breaking a piece of gold and a piece of silver, said to her—"Take, Madam, the halves of these two pieces: your son and I will never quit the others. If any misfortune should hereafter separate me from him, or if I should die, your son shall possess them both, and the inferences which may be drawn from their re-union may, in a great measure, supply my testimony, and the bearer shall be proved to be your Zelomir. Go, and may you speedily return with Lododor; his presence here will suffice to restore you to happiness and to empire: the hearts of his subjects continually recall him—they detest the tyrant who has subdued them by terror and violence, and they regret and recall their father. Confide to Alberti the fate of Zelomir, and let this confidence and the hope of saving your husband support your courage."

Guislande answered him with tears. Conducted to the neighbouring town, where were assembled the companions of her journey, she joined the troop, and departed the same day. Alberti, overpowered by his sensibility, and by the efforts which his courage had made to conceal it, returned full of sorrow to Zelomir, and at the sight of the child gave vent to his long-restrained tears.

Zelomir was then five years old: continually under the tuition of his mother, and of Alberti, whom he was taught to call father, he had attained all the acquirements possible at that age for a child replete with intelligence and vivacity, on whom anxious attention is bestowed.

"Father," said he to Alberti, whom he saw weeping, "why art thou grieved? Whither has thou taken my mother? She is coming back, is she not?"—"Yes, my child, she will come back—I hope she will come back," answered the trembling Alberti. The child ran to listen for her.

Alberti with difficulty diverted the recollection of the

anxious boy from an image so dear to it. Nor would he that the memory of this courageous mother should be lost from the bosom of the son, to whom frequently, in the course of a long education, he mentioned her with esteem and admiration.

Zelomir could not have been entrusted to better hands. Powerful master of the means of education, Alberti more perfectly than a father swayed this cherished infant, pursuing the track which his genius and information pointed out to him. He became a child himself, to teach Zelomir to become a man: in games, in labours, in exercises, he joined with his pupil, and appeared to be learning himself every thing he taught. Neither prejudice nor obstinacy contracted the plan nor perverted the opinions of Alberti; and when Zelomir had attained his fifteenth year, he would not have been misplaced among the most illumined of the present century. Alberti, who knew to what destiny his pupil might be summoned, at the same time that he enriched his mind, still more anxiously matured his reason, and hastened to form his decided character.

Nature had completely seconded his efforts: Zelomir, tall, well made, of a masculine and handsome countenance, already surpassed in address, in vigour, and in courage, all the children of his age. Alberti, who had well considered that physical strength and skill in arms might be absolutely necessary to Zelomir, made them the principles of his pupil's sports; and as he practised with him, he saw with pleasure, that in spite of the superiority of years, the youth would not long be wanting to become his vanquisher.

But all this did not fulfil the intentions of Alberti; he desired to expedite experience to the advantage of Zelomir; for this, lessons were not sufficient; actions and examples were necessary. Alberti, profiting by whatever surrounded him both by unforeseen accidents, and by those which he had the skill either to arrange or to excite without the suspicion of his pupil, had endowed Zelomir with an understanding far beyond his years; and had rendered him what he ought to be, to support with equanimity either prosperity or adversity, and to regulate, as far as it is possible to a man of courage, the events of futurity.

These pleasing cares employed the ten first years which



followed the departure of Guislande. Long since had Alberti lost all hopes of receiving any news of that unfortunate princess: the few pilgrims who had returned from Palestine knew but little of the fate of their companions, particularly that of Guislande, who had not made the least of her intentions known to them. No doubt could therefore be entertained but Guislande had perished in her noble enterprize; and Alberti, who during the three first years had entertained continual expectations of hearing from her, at length despaired of seeing her again, and lamented her death with tears. Full of that tranquil but inconsolable grief which springs from the losses of friendship, he perceived that Zelomir had become his perpetual charge, of whose destiny he was the uncontroled master; he conceived himself obliged to form for him a plan of life, and to prepare for him that line of futurity which might most conduce to his happiness. The circumstances in which he found himself were of the most uncommon cast; he had it in his power to make his pupil either a prince, a nobleman, a plebeian, a warrior, or a philosopher—he might choose for him among all the stations of life. It was the happiness of Zelomir which guided the determination of Alberti, and he did not long hesitate; he resolved to make him a philosopher, born in the middle station of society, of unknown parents, devoting himself solely to the study of the sciences and of wisdom, the peaceable inheritor of the modest retreat in which they dwelt.—Already thirteen years were elapsed since Toreslaw, under the name of Ulric, governed Servia, as he formerly had Temesvar. His ambitious projects had taken the most advantageous direction: the birth of Rosisla inspired him with the hope of becoming the son-in-law of his master, and thereby his successor. The idea of a new crime, to hasten the moment of his elevation, did not impede his measures; the crime was only delayed, because he felt that he possessed absolute power with security. This combination of motives retarded the manifestation of the criminal designs which existed in the imagination of this wretch, who beheld too many personal dangers in the attempt to venture at open usurpation.

Ulric, continually increasing in stupidity and vanity, ever blindly following the directions of Toreslaw, whose power he was no longer able to repress, even had he formed such a design, had completed the tyrannical devastation

of his extensive dominions. One sentiment alone found some place in his dull and insensible soul; that of paternal love; he loved the amiable Rosiska with more tenderness than he could have been supposed capable. Her birth happened about the time of the departure of Guislande for Palestine. She had compleated her tenth year, and every grace belonging to her age, the blossoms of all the virtues, the dawn of mind, and the promise of every beauty, rendered her a charming being. She adored her mother, and the interest she inspired served to ameliorate the condition of Adela.

Toreslaw did not oppose the only sentiment which Ulric was capable of receiving: his views on Rosiska made him even approve of it; and besides, he knew it would be always in his power to destroy it, if ever it militated against his interest. Thus Ulric, who had never loved any body before, felt for his daughter all the affection his bosom could sustain: nor is this to be wondered at, since parental attachment is the most powerful of all sentiments, and is alone, that which no animated being in nature can entirely withstand.

Ulric, in whom age began to extinguish the inclinations of youth, devoted to the chase those moments which he had hitherto less innocently employed. Delivered by Toreslaw from the cares of his empire, his easy exploits extended far: and after having overrun all the woods which surround Alba Græca, he formed a large party to hunt in the forests which stretch themselves beyond the river Movara. Here the reader may remember Alberti had fixed his abode; who after the departure of Guislande, fearing that the depths of these forests were not sufficient concealment, had taken the name of Stephen, and had given the same to his ward, before whom the name of Zelomir had never been pronounced, and who therefore knew not his own proper appellation. This name of Stephen, common to all the Hungarians, since it had been borne by one of their most beloved monarchs, perfectly served the design of Alberti, of remaining with his pupil in perpetual security. The officers of Ulric, who were sent before him, fixed on the very mansion of the two Stephens as the point of rendezvous, and for the lodgement of their master and his family: for Ulric had determined that Rosiska should be of the par-

ty, and the complying Adela was very far from repining at being removed to a distance from the court and from Torslaw.

Alberti dreaded but very little this troublesome visit; his house contained no evidence of his important secrets. As to himself, disgraced at the time of the invasion of Ulric, he was certain of being entirely unknown to him, as well as to all his court; he therefore did not hesitate to agree to the arrangements which were made for the pleasures of Ulric: any other mode of conduct would have created suspicion. The younger Stephen (for I shall no longer speak of him but by that name) was delighted with the noisy preparations, which promised a thousand pleasures to his imagination. Alberti carefully avoided destroying this pleasing illusion. To keep his pupil from the knowledge of what he was by birth, formed so much of his plan, that he would not even give him any unfavourable impressions of the usurper. He would not even withhold him from conforming to that custom of the times, which required that the son of the family honoured by the company of the sovereign, should wait upon the powerful guest: Zelomir, therefore during this visit, became the first page to the usurper of his dominions. He acquitted himself of this employ with all the address and grace with which nature had endowed him. His attention suffered nothing to be long wished for; and his zeal, particularly in the service of the princesses, could not be equalled. The princesses more recluse than the rest of the party, remained within the little mansion during the greatest part of the chase; and Alberti, with profound scrutiny, had time and opportunity to study his most interesting visitors. He was too much a philosopher, not to appreciate merit and virtue wherever he found them; and the qualities of wife or of daughter to Ulric hindered him not from perceiving, in Adela the most mild, virtuous, and unhappy of women—in Rosisla, the most amiable being that nature had ever formed. Humanity attached him to them, and soon the cares which he had to bestow on them attached him still more.

The lovely Rosisla could not suffer the least absence of her young page, of her dear Stephen, as she called him. Stephen was so attentive to her—he so guessed—he so prevented her smallest desires, that the charming infant thought only of Stephen—wished for nobody but Stephen.

Alberti, whose conversation during the long absences of Ulric was cultivated by Adela, gained rapidly on her esteem. This princess, more instructed by misfortune, than her age and her rank would themselves have permitted, was astonished at the intelligence and sensibility of her host. She felt within her bosom the sentiments of respect and admiration for him increasing; and among these four persons, reciprocal impressions of the most tender friendship were daily gaining strength. Stephen, who during the first days of hunting had for amusement joined the parties, soon attached to his infantile mind the idea of Rosisla, and thought only of remaining with the princesses: between Stephen and Rosisla was already established that sweet unison of inclination, that rising sympathy to which two souls, equally susceptible and equally generous, so easily yield, and of which love so readily avails himself.

An event which caused them the most anxious inquietude, terminated in fostering more cordially these tender sentiments. Ulric had remained a fortnight in the mansion of the two Stephens; his departure was preparing, when Rosisla was seized with a violent fever, accompanied with continual head-ach and sickness. The experience of Alberti immediately dictated to him the nature of her illness; and on his announcing it, Ulric, and particularly Adela, were seized with the most anxious terror.

*(To be continued.)*





**DEFINITIVE TREATY OF PEACE,**

*Between the French Republic, the King of Spain, and the Batavian Republic, on the one part; and his Majesty the King of the United Kingdoms of Great-Britain and Ireland on the other part.*

**T**HE First Consul of the French Republic, in the name of the French nation, and his Majesty the king of the United Kingdom, &c. equally animated by a desire to put a stop to the calamities of war, have laid the foundations of the peace, by the preliminary articles signed at London, the first of October, 1801; and as, by the 15th article of the said preliminaries, it has been agreed, "That there shall be nominated on the one part and the other, plenipotentiaries, who shall resort to Amiens, to draw up the Definitive Treaty, in concert with the allies of the contracting parties;" the First Consul of the French Republic, in the name of the French nation, has appointed citizen Joseph Buonaparte, Counsellor of State; and his Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Marquis Cornwallis, knight of the most illustrious Order of the Garter, &c.; his majesty the King of Spain, and the government of the Batavian Republic, have appointed, for their plenipotentiaries, Don Joseph Nicholas D'Azarra, &c. and Roger John Schimmelpennick, &c. who, after having exchanged in due form, their powers, which are hereafter stated, have agreed to the following articles:

ART. I. There shall be peace, amity and a good understanding between the French republic, the king of Spain, his heirs and successors, and the Batavian republic, on the one part; and his majesty the king of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, his heirs and successors, on the other part.

The contracting parties shall endeavour to maintain a perfect harmony between them and their states, without suffering, on either side, any sort of hostility by land or sea.

under any pretence whatever; they shall carefully avoid every thing which may, in future, disturb the union so happily established, and shall afford neither aid nor protection, directly or indirectly, to those who would prejudice either of them.

II. All the prisoners made on either side, by land or sea, and the hostages taken or given during the war, and to the present time, shall be restored, without ransom, in six weeks at farthest, to reckon from the day of the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty, after paying the debts contracted during their captivity.—Each contracting party shall [liquidate] pay, respectively, the advances made by either of the contracting parties for the subsistence and maintainence of prisoners in the country where they shall have been detained. There shall be appointed a special commission to establish and regulate the compensation due either party. The time and place of meeting of the commissioners, charged with the execution of this article, shall be fixed in concert; they shall state an account, not only of the expences for the prisoners, but also for the foreign troops, which before being taken, were in the pay of any one of the parties.

III. His Britannic majesty restores to the French republic and its allies, the king of Spain and the Batavian republic, all the possessions and colonies which belonged to them respectively, and which have been occupied or conquered by the British forces in the course of the present war, with the exception of the Isle of Trinidad, and the Dutch possessions in the Isle of Ceylon.

IV. His Catholic majesty cedes and guarantees in full possession and sovereignty to his Britannic majesty the Island of Trinidad.

V. The Batavian republic cedes and guarantees in full possession and sovereignty to his Britannic majesty; all the possessions and establishments in the Island of Ceylon, which belonged before the war, to the republic of the united Provinces, or to its East India company.

VI. The port of Cape of Good Hope is restored in full sovereignty, as before the war, to the Batavian republic.

The vessels of every description, belonging to the other contracting parties, shall have the privilege of refitting and purchasing the necessary provisions as formerly, without paying any other duties than the Dutch are subject to.

VII. The territories and possessions of Her Most Faithful Majesty are to remain entire, as they were before the war; but the limits of French and Portuguese Guyanna are fixed at the river Arawary, which empties into the ocean above the "North Cape," near "New Isle," and the Isle of Penitence, in about a degree and a third of north latitude. The limits shall follow the course of the river Arawary, from its mouth, the farthest from the Cape, to its source—thence in a strait line drawn from this source to "Rio-Branco" toward the west. Therefore, the northern bank of the river Arawary, from its mouth the source, and the territory north of the above limits, shall belong in full possession to the French Republic: The southern bank of the said river, from the mouth and all the territory south of the said limits, shall belong to Her Most Faithful Majesty.—The navigation of the river Arawary in its whole course, shall be common to the two nations.

The arrangements which have taken place between the Courts of Madrid and of Lisbon, for the establishment of their frontiers in Europe shall be made according to the stipulations of the treaty of Badajos.

VIII. The territories, possessions and rights of the Sublime Porte shall be maintained entire as they were before the war.

IX. The Republic of the seven Isles is acknowledged.

X. The Islands of *Malta*, *Goza*, and *Comino*, shall be restored to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, to be held by it under the same conditions as before the war, and under the following regulations:

1st. The Knights of the Order, Whose ["*langues*,"] languages continue to exist, after the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty, are invited to return to Malta, as soon as the exchange takes place: They will there form a general Chapter, and proceed to elect a Grand Master, selected from among the natives of those nations who preserve [*des langues*] the language, unless they shall have

already made choice since the ratification of the preliminaries. It is understood that an election made since that epoch shall alone be considered valid, to the exclusion, of every other which may have taken place prior to that epoch.

2d. The governments of the French Republic, and Great Britain, wishing to place the Order and Island of Malta in a state of entire independence in respect to them, agree, that henceforward neither the French nor English language shall be suffered there, and that no individual of either of these powers can be admitted into the Order.

3d. There shall be established a Maltese language, which shall be maintained by the territorial revenues, and the commercial duties of the island. This language shall be entitled to the dignities proper to it, to benefits ["*traitement*"] and to a College ["*auberge*."] Proofs of nobility shall not be required for the admission of the Knights of the said language; they shall be admissible to all the offices, and shall enjoy all the privileges with the Knights of other Orders. The municipal administrative, civil, judicial, and other offices dependant on the government of the Island, shall be occupied, one half at least, by the inhabitants of Malta, Gozo and Comino.

4th. The forces of his Britannic majesty shall evacuate the island and its dependencies in three months after the exchange of the ratifications, or sooner, if possible, when it shall be restored to the order in the state in which it is found, provided that the Grand Master, or Commissaries fully authorized according to the statutes of the Order be in the said island to take possession thereof, and the troops which are to be furnished by his Sicilian Majesty, as hereafter stipulated, be arrived.

5th. Half of the garrison, at least, shall be composed of native Maltese: The remainder, the Order shall have the power of raising among the natives of those nations who continue to possess the language. The Maltese troops shall have Maltese officers. The command in chief of the garrison, as well as the nomination of officers, shall belong to the Grand Master, and he cannot dispense with it, even temporarily, but in favour of a Knight, according to the advice of the Council of the Order.



6th. The independence of the Islands of Malta, of Gozo, and of Comino, as well as the present establishment, is placed under the protection and guarantee of France, Great Britain, Austria—Spain, Russia, and Prussia.

7th. The Order of the island of Malta, with its dependencies, are declared netural.

8th. The ports of Malta shall be open to the commerce and navigation of all nations, who will pay their equal and regular duties. Those duties shall be applied to the maintenance of the Maltese language, as specified in the 3d sect. and of the civil and military establishments of the island; and also of a general Lazaretto, open to all nations.

9th. The Barbary powers are excepted from the two preceeding stipulations, until the contracting parties shall procure a cessation of the hostilities which subsist between the said Barbary states, the Order of St. John, and those powers that possess the language, or a component part of it.

10th. The Order shall be governed, as well in its spiritual as temporal capacity, by the same laws, which were in force when the knights quitted the Island, as far as they are not deprived of them by the present treaty.

11th. The regulations contained in sections 3d, 5th, 8th, and 10th, shall become laws and perpetual statutes of the order in the usual form, and grand mastery, or, if he should not be in the Island when it is restored to the order, his representatives, as well as his successors, shall make oath punctually to observe them.

12th. His Sicilian Majesty shall be requested to furnish 2000 men, natives of his dominions, to serve as a garrison in the different fortresses of the said Islands. This force shall remain there a year, from the restitution to the knights; and if, at the expiration thereof, the order shall not have levied a sufficient force in the judgment of the guarantee powers, to serve as garrison to the Island and its dependencies, as specified in section 5th, the Neapolitan troops shall remain there until replaced by another sufficient force.

13th. The different powers designated in section 7th, to wit, France, G. Britain, Austria, Spain, Russia and Prussia, are invited to accede to the present stipulations.

ART. XI. The French troops shall evacuate the kingdom of Naples and the Roman state; the English forces shall likewise evacuate Porto Ferrajo, and generally all the ports and islands which they occupied in the Mediterranean or in the Adriatic Sea.

XII. The evacuations, cessions, and restitutions stipulated by the present treaty, shall go into operations, as they regard Europe, in the course of a month, the seas of America and Africa in three months; the continent and seas of Asia in six months, following the ratification of the present Definitive Treaty, except in those cases especially provided to the contrary.

XIII. In all cases of restitution granted by the present treaty, the fortifications shall be restored in the condition which they were found at the moment of signing the preliminaries, and all the works constructed since their being occupied shall remain untouched.

It is moreover agreed, that in every case of session stipulated, there shall be allowed to the inhabitants, of whatever condition or nation, a term of three years, from the ratification of the present treaty, to dispose of their property acquired and possessed, whether before or during the present war: during which period of three years, they may enjoy freely their religion, and property. The same is granted in countries restored, to all those, whether inhabitants or not, who shall have made any establishments during the period when these countries were possessed by Great Britain.

As to the inhabitants of places ceded or restored, it is agreed, that no one shall be persecuted, or disturbed in his person or property, under any pretext, on account of his political conduct or opinion, or of his attachment to either of our contracting parties, or for any other cause, except debts contracted with individuals, or for acts posterior to the present treaty.

XIV. All sequestrations on the one part or the other, laid upon the funds or revenues, of whatever kind they may be, belonging to one of the contracting powers, or to its citizens or subjects, shall be taken off immediately after the signature of this Definitive Treaty.

The decision of all claims between the individuals of the respective nations, for debts, property, effects, or whatever rights, which conformably to the established usages and to the rights of nations, should be exhibited at the moment of peace, shall be laid before the competent tribunals, and prompt and full justice shall be rendered in these cases in the dominions where the claims shall be made.

XV. The fisheries upon the coasts of Newfoundland and the adjacent isles, and in the Gulph of St. Lawrence, are placed upon the same footing as before the war.

The French fishermen of Newfoundland and the inhabitants of the islands of St. Peter and Maquelon, shall be allowed to cut the wood necessary to them in the Bay of Fortune and of Despair, during the first year, from the ratification of the present treaty.

XVI. To prevent all subject of complaint and contest which may arise from captures which may be made at sea after the signing of the preliminary articles, it is mutually agreed that the vessels and effects which shall have been taken in the Channel and in the North Seas, after twelve days from the exchange of the ratifications of the preliminaries, shall be restored on both sides; and the term shall be a month from the Channel and the North Seas, to the Canary Isles, inclusively, whether in the Ocean or in the Mediterranean: two months from the Canary Isles to the Equator; and five months in all other parts of the globe, without any farther exception or distinction of time and place.

XVII. The ambassadors, ministers, and other agents of the contracting powers, shall respectively enjoy in the states of the said powers, the same rank, privileges, prerogatives, and immunities, which agents of the same class enjoyed before the war.

XVIII. The branch of the house of Nassau, which was established in the ci-devant Republic of the United Provinces, now the Batavian Republic, having sustained losses as well in private property as by the change of the constitution adopted in that country, there shall be procured compensation equivalent to the said losses.

XIX. The present Definitive Treaty of Peace is decla-

red common to the Sublime Ottoman Porte, ally to his Britannic Majesty ; and the Sublime Ottoman Porte shall be requested to transmit its accession thereto as soon as possible.

XX. It is agreed, that the contracting parties, upon the demand by them respectively made, or by their ministers and officers, duly authorised to this effect, shall be held to deliver up to justice, persons accused of the crimes of murder, of forgery, or of fraudulent bankruptcy, committed within the jurisdiction of the party making the demand, provided that it shall not be done unless the evidence of the crime shall be so well established, that the laws of the place where the accused person shall be discovered, would authorise his detention and transmission to justice in case the crime had been there committed. The expense of apprehending and transmitting the person to justice, shall be defrayed by those who make the demand. It is understood that this article does not regard in any way the crimes of murder, forgery, or fraudulent bankruptcy, committed prior to the conclusion of this Definitive Treaty.

XXI. The contracting parties promise to observe with sincerity and good faith all the articles of the present Treaty, and they will not suffer their respective citizens or subjects to act in contravention of the same, directly or indirectly ; and the said contracting parties guarantee to each other generally and reciprocally all the stipulations of the present Treaty.

XXII. The present Treaty shall be ratified by the contracting parties, within the space of thirty days, or sooner, if possible, and the ratifications in due form shall be exchanged at Paris.

In faith of which, we, the undersigned plenipotentiaries, have signed with our hands, and by virtue of our full powers, respectively, the present Definitive Treaty, and affixed our respective seals.

*Done at Amiens, March 25, 1802.*

(Signed)

BUONAPARTE,  
CORNWALLIS,  
AZARA,  
SHIMMELPENNICK.



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# POETRY.

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## RICHARD AND KATE;

OR

## FAIR-DAY.

A SUFFOLK BALLAD.

By ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, *Author of the Farmer's Boy.*

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- ‘COME, Goody, stop your hum-drum wheel,  
 ‘ Sweep up your orts, and get your hat ;  
 ‘ Old joys reviv’d, one more I feel,  
 ‘ ’Tis Fair-day;—ay, and more than that.  
 ‘ Have you forgot, KATE, prithee say,  
 ‘ How many seasons here we’ve tarry’d ?  
 ‘ ’Tis forty years, this very day,  
 ‘ Since you and I, old girl, were married !  
 ‘ Look out;—the sun shines warm and bright,  
 ‘ The stiles are low, the path all dross;  
 ‘ I know you cut your corns last night :  
 ‘ Come, be as free from care as I.  
 ‘ For I’m resolv’d once more to see  
 ‘ That place where we so often met;  
 ‘ Tho’ few have had more cares than we,  
 ‘ We’ve none just now to make us fret.’

Kate scorn’d to damp the generous flame  
 That warm’d her aged partner’s breast;  
 Yet, ere determination came,  
 She thus some trifling doubts express’d.

- ‘ Night will come on ; when seated snug,  
 ‘ And you’ve perhaps begun some tale,  
 ‘ Can you then leave your dear stone mug ;  
 ‘ Leave all the folks, and all the ale ?’

' Ay KATE, I wool;—because I know,  
 ' Tho' time has been we both could run.  
 ' Such days are gone and over now;—  
 ' I only mean to see the sun.'

She straight slipt off the Wall, and Band,\*  
 And laid aside her Lucks and Twitches;•  
 And to the Hutch† she reach'd her hand,  
 And gave him out his Sunday breeches.

His mattock he behind the door  
 And hedging gloves again replac'd;  
 And look'd across the yellow moor,  
 And urg'd his tott'ring spouse to haste.

The day was up, the air serene,  
 The firmament without a cloud;  
 The bee humm'd o'er the level green,  
 Where knots of trembling cowslips bow'd;

And RICHARD thus, with heart elate,  
 As past things rush'd across his mind,  
 Over his shoulder talk'd to KATE,  
 Who, snug tuck'd up, walk'd slow behind.

' When once a giggling mawther you,  
 ' And I a red fac'd chubby boy,  
 ' Sly tricks you play'd me not a few;  
 ' For mischief was your greatest joy.

' Once passing by this very tree,  
 ' A Gotcht‡ of milk I'd been to fill,  
 ' You shoulde'd me; then laugh'd to see  
 ' Me and my Gotch spin down the hill.

' 'Tis true,' she said; ' but here behold,  
 ' And marvel at the course of Time;  
 ' Tho' you and I are both grown old,  
 ' The tree is only in its prime!'

• Terms used in Spinning. † A chest: ‡ A Pitcher.

‘Well, Goody, don’t stand preaching now;  
‘Folks don’t preach sermons at a FAIR;  
‘We’ve rear’d ten *boys* and *girls* you know,  
‘And I’ll be bound they’ll all be there.’

Now friendly nods and smiles had they,  
From many a kind *fair-going* face;  
And many a *pinch* KATE gave away,  
While RICHARD kept his usual pace:

At length arriv’d amidst the throng,  
Grand *children*, bawling, hemm’d them round;  
And dragg’d them by the skirts along,  
Where gingerbread bestrew’d the ground.

And soon the aged couple spy’d  
Their lusty *sons*, and *daughters* dear;  
When RICHARD thus exulting cry’d—  
‘Didn’t I tell you they’d be here!’

The cordial greetings of the soul  
Were visible in every face;  
Affection, void of all controul,  
Govern’d with a resistless grace.

‘Twas good to see the honest strife,  
Which should contribute most to please;  
And hear the long recounted life  
Of Infant tricks and happy days:

But now, as at some nobler places,  
Among the leaders ’twas decreed  
Time to begin the DICKY RACES,  
More fam’d for laughter than for speed.

RICHARD look’d on with wond’rous glee,  
And prais’d the lad who chanc’d to win;  
‘KATE, wa’n’t I such a one as he?  
‘As like him, ay, as pin to pin?’

'Full *fifty* years are pass'd away,  
 ' Since I rode this same ground about ;  
 ' Loid! I was lively as the day!  
 ' I won the high-lows out and out!

' I'm surely growing young again ;  
 ' I feel myself so kedge and plump :  
 ' From head to foot I've not a pain ;  
 ' Nay, hang me if I cou'dn't jump.'

Thus spoke the ALE in RICHARD's pate,  
 A very little made him mellow ;  
 But still he lov'd his faithful KATE,  
 Who whisper'd thus: ' My good old fellow,

' Remember what you promis'd me :  
 ' And see, the sun is getting low ;  
 ' The children want an hour, you see,  
 ' To talk a bit before we go.'

Like youthful lover most complying,  
 He turn'd and chuckt her by the chin :  
 Then all across the green grass hieing,  
 Right merry faces, all akin—

Their farewell quart, beneath a tree  
 That droop'd its branches from above,  
 Awak'd the pure felicity  
 That waits upon PARENTAL LOVE:

KATE view'd her blooming daughters round,  
 And sons, who shook her wither'd hand :  
 Her features spoke what joy she found ;  
 But utterance had made a stand.

The children toppled on the green,  
 And bowl'd their *fairings* down the hill ;  
 RICHARD, with pride, beheld the scene,  
 Nor could he for his life sit still.



A father's uncheck'd feelings gave  
A tenderness to all he said ;  
' My boys, how proud I am to have  
' My name thus round the country spread !  
' Through all my days I've laboured hard,  
' And could of pains and crosses tell ;  
' But this is labours great reward,  
' To meet ye thus, and see ye well.  
' My good old partner, when at home,  
' Some times with wishes mingles tears ;  
' Goody, says I, let what wool come,  
' We've nothing for them but our prayers.  
' May you be all as old as I,  
' And see your sons to manhood grow ;  
' And, many a time before you die,  
' Be just as pleas'd as I am now.'

Then (raising still his mug and voice)  
' An old man's weakness don't despise !  
' I love you well, my girls and boys ;  
' God bless you all ;—so said his eyes.

For, as he spoke, a big round drop  
Fell bounding on his ample sleeve ;  
A witness which he could not stop,  
A witness which all hearts believe.

Thou, FILIAL PIETY ! wert there ;  
And round the ring, benignly bright,  
Dwelt in the luscious half-shed tear,  
And in the parting word, *Good Night*.

With thankful hearts and strengthen'd love,  
The poor old PAIR, supremely blest,  
Saw the sun sink behind the grove,  
And gain'd once more their lowly rest.

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## Song.

### THE POOR VILLAGE BOY.

*SOFT* blew the gale near yon bank side  
Which shook the vernal leaves,  
The lambkins rov'd in nature's pride,  
Near Ceres golden sheaves ;  
When sweet a Village Boy thus sung——  
“ Ah me ! should care annoy  
The heart that is so very young,  
Altho' a Village Boy.

But ah ! I love a faithless maid  
That all my proffers scorn,  
Who leaves her swain in vernal shade  
And flock upon the lawn ;  
Neglected oftentimes she sung,  
Ah me ! love's like a joy,  
But on her lips sweet accents hung  
To the poor Village Boy.

Yet beauty shall not ever last,  
'Tis like the rose in bloom,  
For oft disease shall beauty blast,  
And send it to the tomb.  
At close of day when twilight's pale,  
How oft have I, with joy,  
Seen my sweet girl with milking pail  
Pass by the Village Boy.”